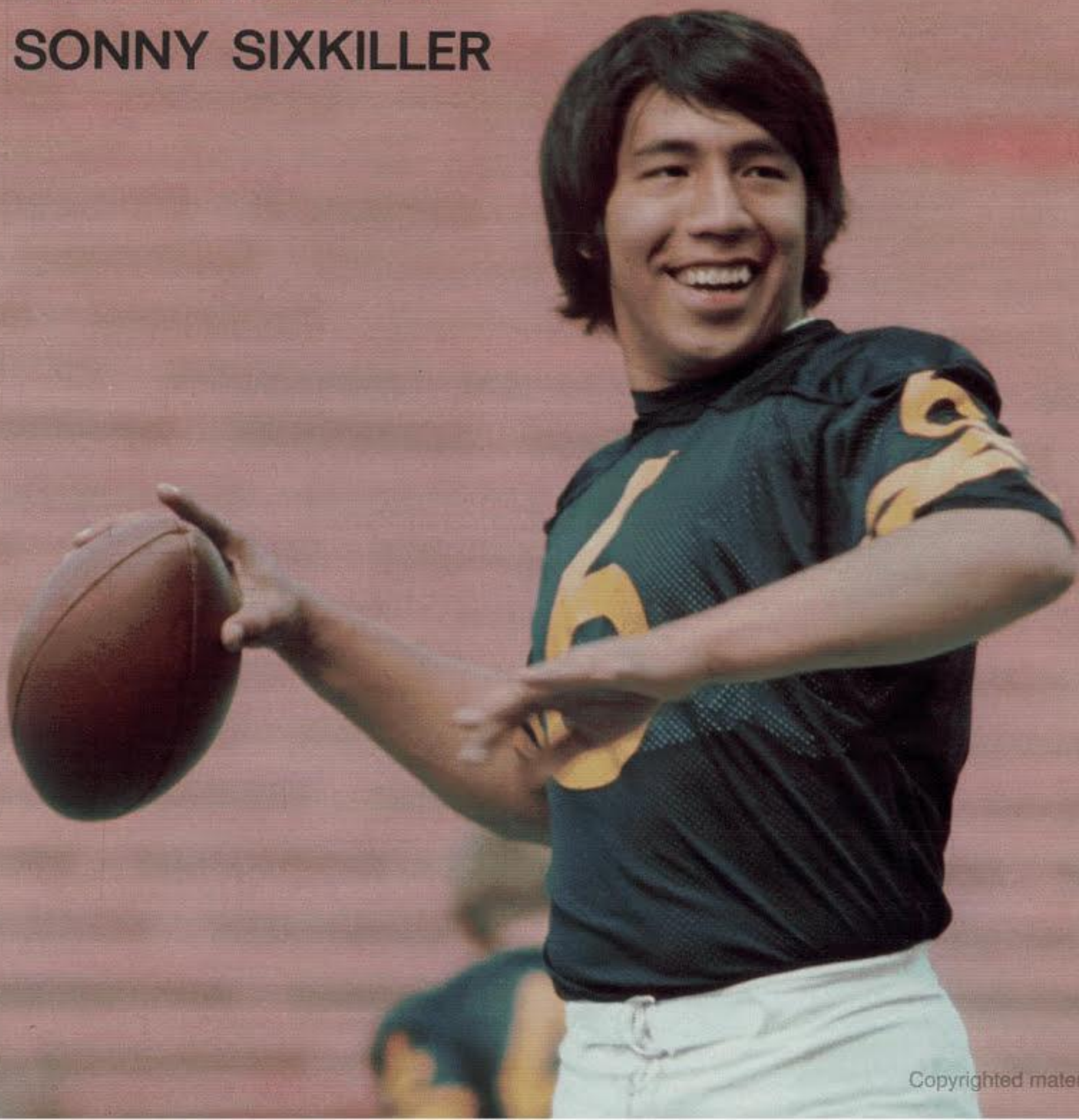


BOYS' LIFE

FOR ALL BOYS

OCTOBER 1971/40 CENTS

WASHINGTON'S SONNY SIXKILLER



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THEY DIDN'T
SHRINK...
WE JUST
GREW!

Like these guys, you've probably done a lot of growing since you got your present uniform. Chances are your uniform still looks good—that's because it was made to take the wear and tear of camping, hiking, and Cub activities—trouble is, you weren't preshrunk like Scout uniforms are!

Now's the time—with a lot of fall and winter troop and pack activities coming up—to visit your favorite Scout distributor and update your uniform. Even if your neckerchief still fits a new one would look great with your new uniform pants and shirt.

While you're at it, take a look at all the heavy new things in the Scout department that'll make Scouting more fun for you this coming year.

SUPPLY DIVISION • BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

BOYS' LIFE

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OCTOBER 1971



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BOYS' LIFE is published monthly by the Boy Scouts of America, North Brunswick, N.J. 08902. 40 cents a copy, \$4.00 a year. Add 75 cents for Canada, Central and South America. \$1.00 for all other foreign subscriptions. Special rates, to members of the Boy Scouts of America, through local council offices. Second-class postage paid at North Brunswick, N.J. and at additional mailing offices (PM 132-25 section g). Accepted for special postage provided for in 1103, Act of October, 1917, June 13, 1938, November, 1958. Volume LXI, No. 10. © 1971 by the Boy Scouts of America. All rights thereunder reserved; anything appearing in Boys' Life may not be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission. Send stamped, self-addressed envelopes with unsolicited manuscripts. Boys' Life will not be responsible for manuscripts in its office or in transit. Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Boys' Life, North Brunswick, N.J. 08902.



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Hitchin' Rack



"Boatbuilding is a cinch," Pedro enthused after a casual glance at some rowboat plans in the Boys' Life Boats and Canoes reprint booklet.

"I'll be after big bass by lunchtime," he brayed.

With never a glance at building instructions or stormy skies, he dragged scraps of knotty lumber from his corral shed. Ignoring knot-holes and using nails instead of screws and glue, he cobbled up a lopsided box, jammed a board seat in the middle and mounted a pair of old burro shoes for oarlocks.

"There she is, the good ship 'Pedro,'" he beamed.

As if to launch the ship, the clouds opened and poured heavy rain on Flopears and his project. Water filled the rickety tub. Knots popped out of the wood under the strain.

As Pedro hammered away trying to patch the leaks, more knots popped out. Long after lunchtime the rain ended, and Pedro gloomily surveyed a clumsy looking mass of patchwork and soggy boards, wondering how to salvage the ruin. Suddenly the baffled burro's stomach found the answer where his brain had failed.

Today the good ship "Pedro" still rests on sawhorses in one corner of the corral. It has never been to sea. Scrawled along its side in large wobbly letters are the words "S. S. Oatbin," and beside the words are the paint-smudged marks of its builder. UU

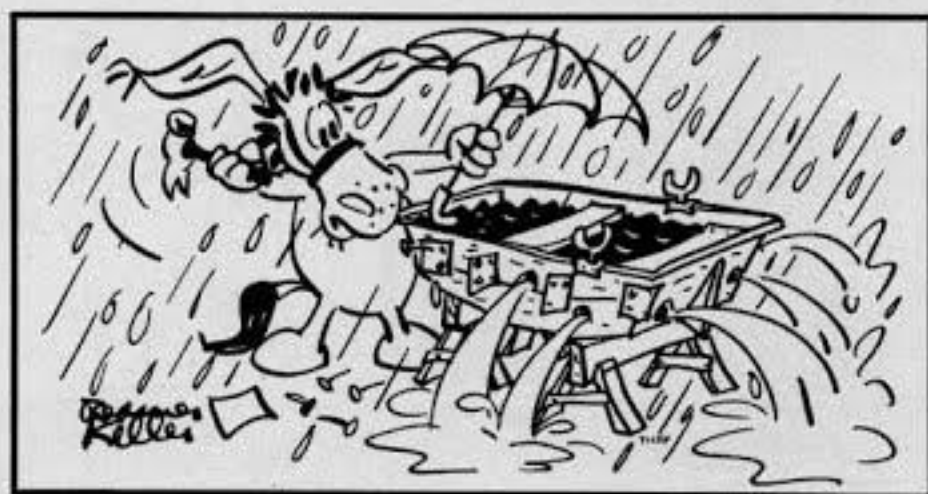
Dear Wonderful Genius Hayburner: Me and my big brother have been trying to study birds. What should we do? Stand where we are or walk up slowly to them? . . . Mark Sierra, Los Altos, Calif.

Sounds like the birds have been studying you. Stay hidden, be still, and use a telescope or field glasses. UU

Dear Mule Fool: In one issue of BL a couple of years ago you printed how to make a miniature volcano. Could you please tell me what issue and where I can get hold of one . . . Mark Wimer, Ithaca, N. Y.

You went 'way back for that one. It's the March 1969 issue. Your local library or a friend who has kept back issues is your best hope. UU

Dear Dumb-one: I would like to be one of the many



people who will tell you of the mistake that you made in the article, "Climbing Mt. Fuji" in your June 1971 issue. On page 34 you said that three of the American Scouts were Sensei, or third generation Japanese-Americans. Sensei just happens to mean "teacher or instructor." Sansei is the word you were looking for. . . . George Tabata, Los Angeles, Calif.

You're a good sensei and I won't mix up "sansei" and "sensei" again. Domo arigato gozaimasu, Tabata-san. UU

Dear Flop Ears: In your February '71 "Making the Scene" section . . . I saw a real groovy invention. I would like to applaud the Rock Island Scout who thought it up. Our troop and probably others are always looking for money-raising ideas. I would like to know where to send all this aluminum scrap in my area. . . . Buddy Hanson, Haines City, Fla.

Call your local BSA council—new recycling centers are being established all the time. UU

Dear Pedro: In the . . . June BL a boy wrote and said, "Why don't you print your address where somebody can see it?" . . . I was going to ask the same thing. In fact I never found it. Where was it? . . . Jimmy Schneider, Houston, Tex.

You must have misplaced it when you put it on your letter. UU

Dear Pedro: I have just been on a canoe trip. . . . My sleeping bag was wet, dirty, and covered with grass. Please give me ideas on how to clean it. . . . Phillip Jew, St. Louis, Mo.

If it's an official BSA sleeping bag, it's machine washable and dryable—unless it is down-filled.

Down-filled bags must be dried in the air, but they can be machine-washed also. UU

Dear Pedro: Randy Braun of Lena, Wis., wrote in Hitchin' Rack, March issue, worrying about uniforms. Perhaps as an aged English Scouter you would allow me a comment.

As you know, in England we have quite recently altered our uniforms to something very like yours because we thought they were smarter! We did not alter our berets . . . We would be much happier in hats like yours, which have at least a definite shape. . . . As a boy I wore the big hats, B-P fashion and groused about it continuously. Few of them looked good—the brim was supposed to be dead flat but in practice either drooped sadly in all directions, or waved like a switchback. No! We'd settle for your hats and love them. . . . Walley Hartley, Sidcup Kent, Eng.

Many thanks for sharing your experience, Scouter Hartley. Are you fashion fans listening? UU

Dear Fuzzy Burro: I recently received my first issue of BL. I think the whole magazine is great, but there are a few things I really enjoyed, for instance, the Hitchin' Rack, Gus, Hobby Hows, and Think and Grin . . . James Norton, Floral Park, N. Y.

On the strength of your letter I asked The Boss for a raise. UU

Dear Pedro: . . . In your article on the new British decimal coinage . . . I noticed one mistake. The 50 p. piece has not got flat sides but seven curved sides. An interesting fact about the coin is that if it is balanced on one edge and a ruler placed on top, and the coin rolled along by pushing the ruler, the

ruler stays the same height above the table . . . each curved side is drawn from the opposite point. . . . Adrian Foulds, Surrey, Eng.

On the strength of your letter, The Boss refused the raise I asked for on the strength of Jim's letter. UU

Dear Pedro: I first became acquainted with BL when I was 12 years old, back in 1949. During that time your magazine listed a column with boys from other countries who wanted pen pals . . . I chose to write to Samuel Frank Newman of South Porcupine, Timmons, Ont., Canada. This year we celebrate our 22nd year of friendship. Can anyone top this? . . . Wm. E. Borst, M. Sgt. USAF, Glendale, Ariz.

A great record, Sarge. UU

Dear Pedro: I have been getting BL for a year, and before that I read my cousin's, but how come there are never any articles on hogs? I am quite disappointed. . . . Boyd Carano, Cayucos, Calif.

I have suffered through the Boy-Girl Debate, the Fashion Frenzy, and the great Cow Controversy. I will not be dragged into the Hog Hassle. UU

Dear Pedro: . . . On page 73 of the July issue. . . . It says helium is the lightest element. This is false. Hydrogen is. . . . Gary Kaufman, Edison, N.J.

Right—but they're both a lot of hot air to me. UU

Dear Leaver-outer: I was reading June BL, and on page 27 it said: "or maybe he felt sorry for Mr. Ulm, who . . ." And then you have to turn to p. 54. It said, to finish the sentence, ". . . clubhouse porch." Would you explain this, please? . . . Ricky Stueven, Grand Island, Nebr.

I can't. The last time I saw Mr. Ulm, he was looking sad, sitting alone on the clubhouse porch. He must have gone away when I wasn't looking. UU

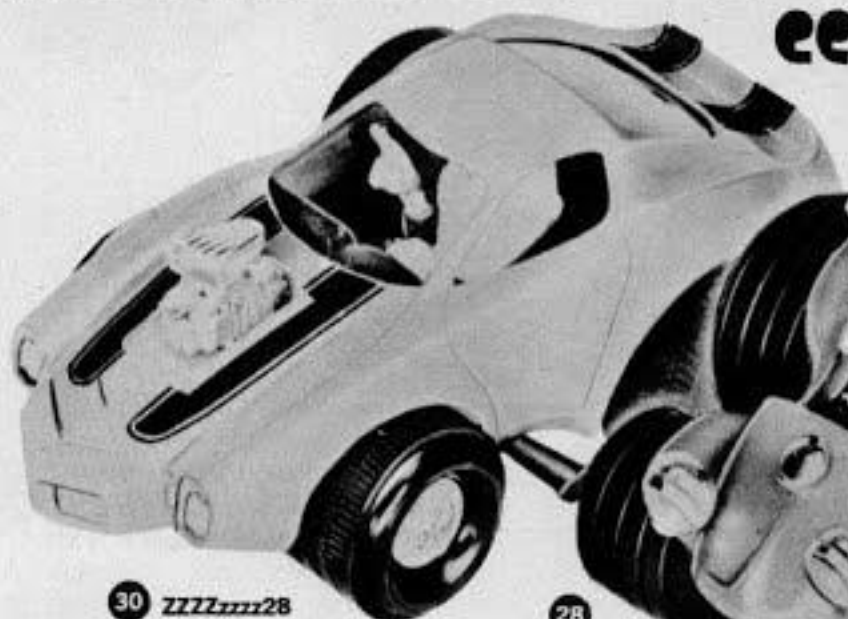
Dear Carrot Ears: Why did they pick you for the Boys' Life magazine? . . . Darwin Huggins, Aztec, N. M.

They needed somebody to hold things together. For the full story see the March 1971 issue. UU

Dear Pigeon-toed Mule: How do you type your answers? . . . Mike LoRusso, Lansdowne, Pa.

One letter at a time. How do you type yours? UU

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30 ZZZZZzzzz28

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Autos

The Federal Government has a 200-page list of safety devices it is thinking of ordering on cars in the years ahead. A few of them:

As of January 1, 1973, the Government might require inflatable or pop-up head restraints, which would end complaints of drivers who can't see over current headrests.

The Government also wants to improve the design of the insides of cars so that, with more padding, people won't be injured in 20-mile-per-hour crashes. It also would like to see tire inflation warning devices to alert drivers if tires are in a dangerous condition.

Officials also are thinking of adopting a rule requiring a speed warning device that would set off a flasher system or a rooftop light when a pre-set speed has been exceeded. This would solve one objection to governors—that sometimes vehicles might have to go faster than the speed limit in an emergency.

Also being considered is an interlock device that would not allow a car to be started until the driver had buckled his seat belt. It is by no means certain that many of these proposals will wind up as regulations, but if even a few of them become standard, you can look for significant changes in vehicles by the mid-1970's.

WITH SO MANY DIFFERENT TYPES of tires on the market today, the average car owner has a difficult time determining which is best for his needs. He is faced with such slightly mysterious terms as bias-ply, belted-bias, and radial, and a price range from less than \$15 to as much as \$100.

To help you do some arm-chair shopping, Firestone Tire has devised the following quiz. Underline the point answer and then add the total.

1. How fast do you drive? Seldom over 60 (1 point), frequently over 60 (2 points), mostly over 60 (3 points).
2. How often on rough roads? Seldom (1 point), frequently (2 points), mostly (3 points).
3. How often on expressways? Seldom (1 point), frequently (2 points), mostly (3 points).
4. How often with a heavy load? (Two or more adult pas-



"I CAN'T FASTEN MY SEAT BELT!"

sengers, heavy cargo, or both). Seldom (1 point), frequently (2 points), mostly (3 points).

5. How many more miles will you drive this car? (Multiply the miles per year by the number of years you'll keep the car.) 10,000 or less (1 point), 25,000 or less (2 points), 40,000 or more (3 points).

6. What kind of driver are you? Easy (1 point), average (2 points), hard (3 points).

If the points total fewer than nine, you can use a bias-ply tire in the lower-price range. From 10 to 13 points means you need a belted-bias or a high performance bias-ply tire, and if over 14 you have a choice between those two and a radial.

A NEW KIND OF "DANGER" may be lurking in your car. It's the radio, believe it or not. Some medical authorities say that the loud noise of radios may be causing accidents. And they're "alarmed" over the increased popularity of rear speakers. Baylor University Medical School recently studied 42 auto crashes, and found that in 31 of them the radio volume controls were set high.

ONLY EIGHT CARS in the world now have front-wheel drive. Only two U.S. cars have it—the Oldsmobile Toronado and Cadillac Eldorado. More American car makers are studying the idea. There are many advantages to FWD. When you put all of the driving components under the hood, you eliminate the drive-shaft tunnel, the transmission hump

inside the car, and the bulky rear axle that can severely limit rear-seat room and comfort. Too, a rear-wheel-drive car must push its front tires through dirt, mud, sand, and snow, while a FWD car can gouge a path for the rear tires to follow.

IF YOU HAVE a miniature model of an Edsel car, save it. It could increase in value just as the full-size ones are. One guy in California is selling old Edsel models for up to \$12 apiece. These are the plastic models, usually measuring about 10 or 12 inches, that originally sold for \$1 or \$2.

TWENTY YEARS AGO, in 1951, the "typical" American car was a four-door sedan costing \$1,450 new, notes the American Mutual Insurance Alliance. Added to this model as accessories were a heater, a side mirror, and seat covers.

By 1970, the heater and side mirror were standard and the cost of the basic model had risen to \$3,185—a 120 percent increase. Now the new "typical" American car comes equipped with a V-8 engine, automatic transmission, power steering, and radio.

Says AMIA: "There are encouraging signs that the auto-buying public is becoming more aware of the high price it is paying for excessive horsepower and nonfunctional car designs, and is telling Detroit to pay more attention to economy, damageability, and repairability. It remains to be seen whether this is only a tem-

porary backlash or the start of a long-range trend to reverse the high cost of driving."

AN ALL-PLASTIC CAR may be nearer to reality than previously expected. Enjay Chemical Co. of Southfield, Mich., which works very closely with car companies on plastics, looks for the first plastic car to appear about 1977. The company does not predict that there will be a mass swing to such a car at one time, but rather a switch by one of the car divisions on one of its car lines. Another Michigan company, incidentally, already has announced an all-plastic auto bumper that it claims meets the minimum five-mile-an-hour impact requirement set by the National Highway Safety Bureau. Detroit is looking at it.

DRIVERS FALLING ASLEEP at the wheel. Their cars running off the road. This type of tragedy happens frequently. What can be done to stop it?

Over in Wyoming they've come up with rumble strips in hopes of keeping drivers awake, and thereby of reducing off-the-road accidents.

Formed by cutting grooves in the pavement, such strips cause the tires of a car to rumble and vibrate. Chosen as the Wyoming testing ground for these strips is a quiet 33-mile section of Interstate 80 that has been the scene of some 48 accidents a year, most of them caused by drowsy drivers.

SOME SAFETY TIPS from Oldsmobile, which we sometimes forget: The station-wagon tailgate window should be closed while driving to help keep exhaust gases out; while the car is being driven, avoid hanging objects on the right-hand coat hook in such a way that you block the driver's vision to the right rear quarter; "riding the brake" by resting your foot on the brake pedal when not braking can cause abnormally high brake temperatures, excessive lining wear and possible damage to the brakes; before jacking up a car, firmly set the parking brake, place the automatic transmission in "PARK," and block the wheel diagonally opposite from the jack position.—ED JANICKI

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If a Hollywood screenwriter ever concocted a plot about a dead-eye Indian quarterback who dramatically reverses the raggedy football fortunes at the one college willing to take a chance on him, and also wins the national passing championship—all in his first season of varsity play—he'd undoubtedly be chucked out the studio door on the seat of his purple bell-bottom pants.

Yet, no matter how improbable it might sound, that script actually unfolded at the University of Washington in Seattle just last year. Sophomore Sonny Sixkiller, a Cherokee so full-blooded that he can claim a tribal chief as a great-grandfather, lifted the unranked Huskies to within eight heartbreaking points of the Rose Bowl bid. And, in doing that, he also won the intercollegiate passing title over such record-breaking quarterbacks as Heisman Trophy winner Jim Plunkett of Stanford and Notre Dame's Joe Theismann.

In a button-down age of organization-type athletes, the colorful Sixkiller is a refreshing exception because of his instinctive flair for the unexpected. He passes on first down, from behind his own goal line, and into heavy traffic. Before he found the proper range in a roughhouse game against Oregon State, he suffered six interceptions, enough to drive most quarterbacks right up the locker-room wall. But he threw, threw, threw until he completed 30 passes for an astonishing 360 yards—and a 29-20 victory, too.

With his quick ball-shuffling hands, his explosive release and his booming right arm, the 20-year-old junior may well carry the beefy, hard-hitting Huskies to the Rose Bowl this season. Anyone who's ever seen him whoosh a ball through the sunshine is aware of the possibilities. Rival coaches admit that nothing, absolutely nothing, up to and including the Heisman Trophy as player of the year, is beyond Sixkiller—if not this year then perhaps in 1972, when his record-breaking campus career comes to an end.

"I can't recall anyone who unloads the ball as fast and

as often," Stanford Coach John Ralston said recently. "You never know what he's going to do next. He fires regardless of the down, the yardage or the field position."

As head coach at Stanford, Ralston can't be blamed for

Southern Cal. He threw two touchdown passes against Washington State, three against California, three more long-shot TDs against U.C.L.A.

By the end of the season even sideline skeptics were

bends through calisthenics. In his view, any youngster anxious to play big-time varsity football might just as well pack up the dream if he isn't willing to work at it.

"Practice, that's the answer, practice, practice, practice," he says. "A quarterback has to practice passing, handing off, faking, running the ball, reading the defenses for keys, and even blocking. And practice, real dead-serious practice, means you keep injuries to a minimum."

Surely Sixkiller is impressive proof of the value of conditioning. While the 185-pound six-footer competes in a sport densely populated by hulking 250, 260, and even 270-pound tackles, most of them bent on scragging the rival quarterback, he has avoided serious injury despite any number of blitzing assaults.

"I'm still in one piece," Sixkiller told me not long ago. "Well, almost, anyway." He tapped a false upper front tooth. "I have a tooth here that doesn't exactly belong to me. Compliments of an especially, you know, aggressive linebacker back in high school."

The quarterback slouched in a chair in the Washington athletic department while we talked, his thick-padded hands fanning the air to emphasize a point. He was dressed in faded Levis, an open short-sleeved shirt, and boots. Briefly, he turned the interview inside out.

"You're pretty good-sized," he said. "How big?"

"Six-three, two-twenty-five," I allowed, tucking in my belly.

"Play any football?"

"Some. But I wasn't much good."

"Why?"

"The old story: big and fast and yellow."

Sixkiller considered briefly, grinned, and made appropriate laughing noises. Ahh, I told myself, this fellow appreciates a truly sparkling wit. But moments later I wondered whether he wasn't simply trying to keep the conversation away from one track that has become all too boring for him when visiting writers stop by.

Photos by PERRY RIDDLE

Sonny Sixkiller:

A Real All-American

By ROBERT G. DEINDORFER



Sonny with parents on Seattle campus.

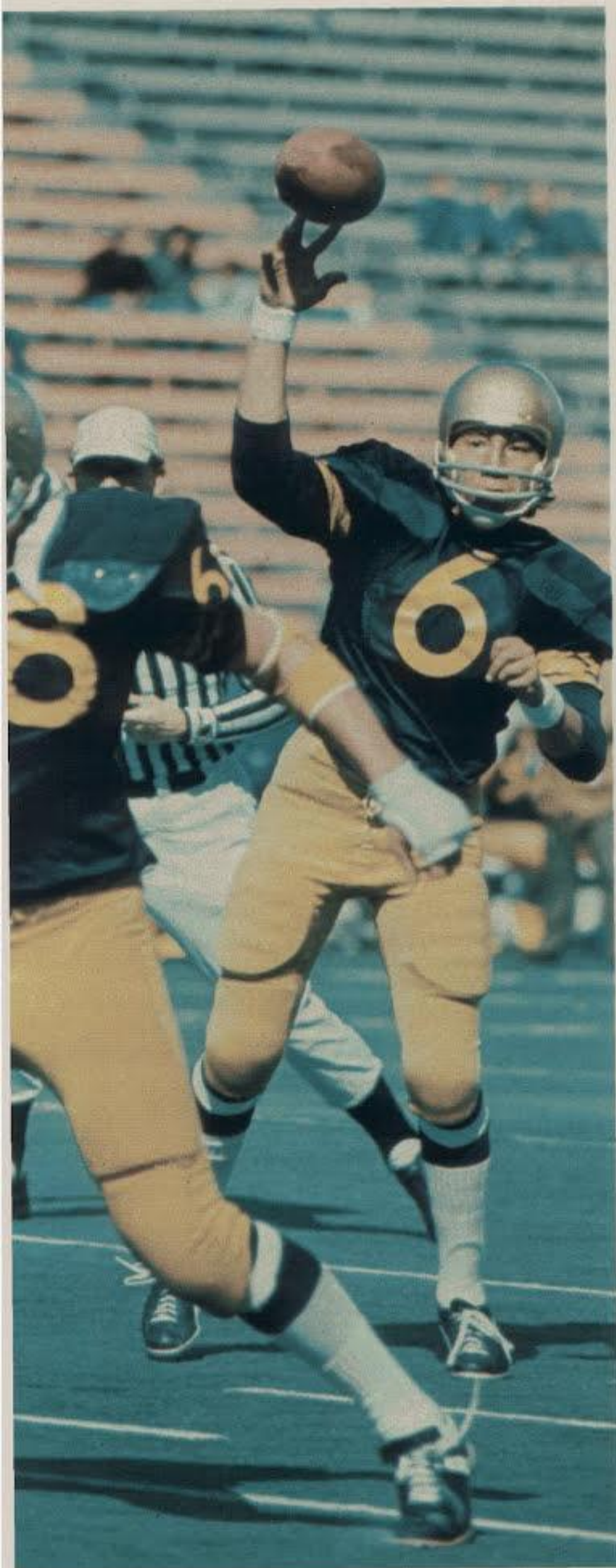
Guided by a take-charge Cherokee, Washington's Huskies are gunning for a rare berth in the Rose Bowl.

counting his blessings every time he recalls the showdown game of last season. His team had to rally desperately in the closing minutes of play after Sixkiller passed for one touchdown, ran for another, and threw a crucial two-point conversion to take a lead in the fourth quarter.

That pressure performance was spectacular, but it was by no means unique. Sixkiller passed for one touchdown and ran for another against

convinced by the numbers: Sixkiller completed 186 of 362 passes for 15 touchdowns and 2,303 yards. His boisterous assault on the Husky record book produced not only five single game records but six new season marks.

For all the honors already heaped on him, however, Sonny Sixkiller remains the same size 7¼ helmet. In and out of season, both summer and winter, wherever he happens to be, he runs some,



Even if his name happened to be, say, Lane-Phillips instead of Sixkiller, there is no mistaking the fact that the youngster comes from real native American stock. High cheekbones, a big blade of nose, and long hair as dark as night all give him the look of a Remington oil painting.

As an Indian, Sixkiller fits a fine old tradition younger men may not be aware of. For example, many connoisseurs still regard the legendary Jim Thorpe of Carlisle Institute as the greatest player who ever bolted up the middle. Among other Indians who lit up the gridiron, Joe Guyon of Georgia Tech, Maw

and teammates. They call him "Slayer of The Half Dozen," snickeringly inquire if he would like to join the crowd for a John Wayne western at the theater, or ask whether he's writing home to the family when smoke rises out of a chimney close by.

That sort of humor doesn't bother the young star in the least. What does put his teeth on edge, however, is the banal and repetitive line of questioning all too many sports-writers pursue in trying to squeeze another feature story out of him. No, he's never lived on a reservation. No, he's never worn a feathered headdress. No, he doesn't



At photo session, Sonny good-naturedly responds to teammate's humor.

Hubbard of Colgate, Jack Jacobs, Huel Hamm, and Wahoo McDaniel of Oklahoma all placed All-American trophies on their bookshelves. In its infant years the National Football League even included the Oorang Indians of Marion, Indiana, whose line was anchored by a wallopig big tackle listed in the program merely as Big Bear.

On the Washington campus, spread over rolling land up over some lakes, it isn't surprising that Sixkiller is occasionally the butt of some irreverent razzing by friends

know the first thing about a Rain Dance. If writers consciously keep listening for an Ugh, Sixkiller begins to fidget and tunes out.

"Let's talk football, shall we?" he says. "Now, I hold the ball fairly high up, three fingers over the strings, the index finger up toward the point, my thumb folded almost halfway around. I have to work hard at my passing, you know. It hasn't ever been easy for me."

Sixkiller didn't quite say so, of course, but nothing has ever been really easy for him. Born in Tahlequah, Oklahoma, and raised

Sixkiller threw for 15 TDs in '70.

in Ashland, Oregon, population 11,500, where his father works in a sawmill and Sonny was a Boy Scout, he nearly didn't make it at all.

In high school he was an all-conference quarterback who could hit a moving receiver right on the thumbnail at distances up to 40 yards, which was just what major college coaches wanted. In high school he also never went over five-ten and 155 pounds, which wasn't what

Yet Sixkiller's size was so discouraging that absolutely nobody tried to sign him to a scholarship—until another Ashland native who played for Washington began talking him up as a great prospect with the coaching staff. After looking over some four-star game film, Head Coach Jim Owens finally agreed that a University of Washington education might be a very good thing for the young Cherokee. With 36 scholarships open

consistently hit the open man on deep pass plays down-field to his left.

Before the annual Varsity-Alumni game played as a climax to spring practice a year ago, it looked as if Sixkiller would move up to the varsity as a spare-parts bench warmer. On the depth charts, football's equivalent of the table of organization, he was listed as the fourth quarterback, behind three more promising passers.

But football players, like footballs, can take some funny bounces. The Number One sprang a knee cartilage during workouts; the rival listed as Number Two chose to play baseball that spring; the third quarterback was helped off the field with a broken collarbone in the second series of plays in the big game. As the only other able-bodied passer in uniform, Sixkiller skittered onto the field, huddled the team together—and proceeded to stand Seattle on its ear.

In 57 minutes of play he ran for a touchdown, passed for two more, completed 24 passes for a record-breaking 389 yards. On the 40-yard line Arnie Weinmeister, the old all-pro bull tackle, rose out of his seat, yelling: "Lordy, Lordy, look at that kid throw."

If the varsity coaches immediately felt more secure about their mortgaged homes, well, who could blame them? After a long, frustrating search they'd finally found the passer to whom they could hitch the new wide-open, pro-type offense.

"I've never seen a player come on quite so fast," quarterback coach Jerry Cheek recalls now. "All of a sudden, just like that, Six developed the essential confidence—confidence, not cockiness—to go with that instant release and whipsaw arm."

In case anyone nourished any suspicions that the spring scrimmage was a fluke, Sixkiller corrected them in last season's opening game against strapping Michigan State. That morning he joined his teammates for the tradi-



Rolling out on an option play, Sonny keeps his opponents guessing.

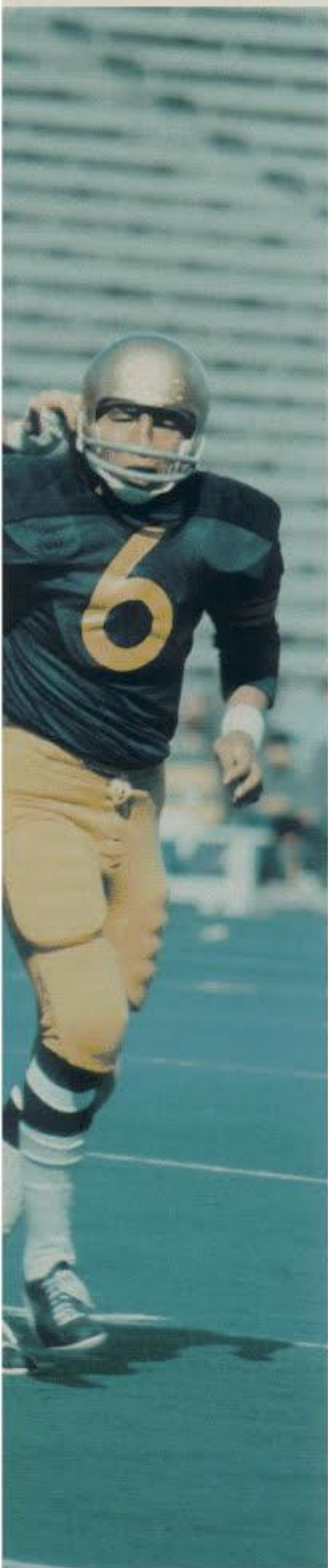
they wanted—by 50 pounds.

Nowadays even so-so schoolboy passers need social secretaries to keep up with the come-as-you-are invitations from coaches in search of a trusty right arm. It's no accident that Missouri uncovered a quarterback in Florida, Southern Cal found one in Texas, Alabama scratched up an All-American in Pennsylvania.

for incoming freshmen and a snake-bit team that finished 1-and-9 for dead last in the Pacific Eight Conference the year before, Owens had little to lose, anyway.

During his freshman season Sixkiller started two of four games, completing 18 passes for one touchdown. He didn't handle the ball especially well, lacked speed on the option play, and couldn't





tional three-course breakfast of orange juice, well-done scrambled eggs, lean beefsteak, dry toast and jam, coffee and milk. Nerve ends were beginning to scratch some, and not everyone finished the meal.

In the training room he sat on the edge of a table while an assistant trainer taped his ankles, winding the tape on left to right, pulling it tight. Sixkiller put on his shoulder pads, gold pants, special low-cut shoes, fitted with short rubber cleats, short-sleeved jersey with the number—what else?—six, front and back. As always, he stuffed three sticks of chewing gum in his mouth.

The youngster ran through a long tunnel and blinked when he stepped into the bright September sunshine bathing the blue-green Astro-turf. Lake Washington glimmered out beyond the far end zone, the snow-topped Cascade Mountains rose in the distance—a herd of linemen big as water buffaloes began bumping heads in one-on-one drills.

After Michigan State kicked off, Sixkiller followed the explosive Husky game plan with cool precision. He hit his tight end for 12 yards, handed off to a halfback, handed off to the fullback. On the Washington 41, he took the snap from center, spun in a half-pivot, dropped back, threw the ball on a line to split end Ira Hammon—59 yards, a touchdown. Cheerleaders pinwheeled in the air, a great roar rolled down out of the double-decked stadium, and the players lined up in formation for another kickoff.

Before the cheers had faded, Sixkiller was at it again, fanning the ball to his runners, booming it to receivers angling downfield, even packing it once himself. On that run he boiled out around right end, braked to a stop, cut back on a slant, accelerated to clear a linebacker, ran, ran, ran, the ball locked tight under his right arm, slipped a cornerback, and

Even the best get hit some time.

was finally tripped up after moving 49 yards.

Despite the fact that the 42-16 runaway over Michigan State was his first varsity game, the Associated Press had no choice except to award Sonny its National Offensive Back-of-the-Week prize. "Not bad," Sixkiller commented on hearing that his 16 pass completions included touchdown shots of 6, 36, and 59 yards. "Not bad for a start, at least."



Off the field, Sixkiller is easygoing, always enjoys kidding with friends.

Now that the golden Saturdays of autumn are here again, and the thud of footballs fills the air, Sixkiller has picked up right where he left off. He sleeps eight or ten hours a night, drinks cans of fruit juice between hearty meals at training table, and packs his Volkswagen with friends when he isn't hitting the books toward a degree in sociology.

With Sixkiller at the controls, the Washington Huskies obviously have no quarterback problems for this season or next. Well, almost no problems. As a free spirit in a rigid team sport, Sixkiller's aspirations don't seem limited to putting merely a football into the air.

During a leisurely talk with Head Coach Owens I happened to mention a hobby his colorful young star told me he hopes to begin later this

year. Owens swung around in his seat.

"What?" he asked.

"Sky diving."

"Sky diving?" His face went rather slack.

"Yes. Sky diving."

"Oh. Well, if he takes it up—and let's hope he doesn't—I expect he'll lead the country in sky diving, too. Sonny is a winner, a real winner.

It's simple as that."

Hobby Hows

Hobby Hows brings you answers to questions and how-to-do-it hints on your favorite avocations. You receive \$5 if we print your hobby hints. Address all inquiries and hints to Hobby Hows, Boys' Life, North Brunswick, N.J. 08902.

I am having difficulty getting decals to adhere to my models on compound curved surfaces and keeping them from forming slight bubbles around rivet detail. Have you any suggestions? John Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.

● First, don't soak decals too long—just until they will slide off the backing paper easily. Then, after they are applied on the model, lightly press a piece of paper towel over the area to absorb excessive moisture. Second, applying a coat of Walther's "Solvaset" or Champ Decal's "Decal-Set" over the decals when dry will end both problems. You'll find these solvents at your local hobby shop.

If you have trouble keeping the flaps of your tent up or down, sew a patch pocket of canvas on the bottom corner of each flap. After the tent is pitched, fill the pockets with pebbles or sand. The extra weight will anchor the flaps in any position and keep them from flapping in the wind—\$5 to Martin Schnier, Wayne, N.J.

We would like to find a source of supply of lightweight dehydrated and freeze-dried foods suitable for backwoods hiking and camping. Can you help? John Thompson, Chicago, Ill.

● Write to Leon R. Greenman, Inc., Dept. BL, 132 Spring St., New York, N.Y. 10012; or to Chuckwagon Foods, Dept. BL, Micro Drive, Woburn, Mass. 01801 for a copy of their food list and order form.

To prevent tripping over tent lines, tie a piece of white cloth on each line so they are visible.—\$5 to Steve MacFadyen, Malibu, Calif.

When repairing an article that has many pieces that are tricky to hold together, use modeling clay to support the work until the glue dries.—\$5 to Jim Strieber, Crofton, Md.

Our class is studying types of transportation and shipping in pioneer days. I am particularly interested in getting information on the Pony Express. Do you know of

any books on this subject? Mary Watson, Portland, Maine.

● You should be able to find some of these books in your local library or they may be ordered direct from the publishers: *Mail Riders*, by E. McCall (\$3), Childrens Press, Inc., Dept. BL, 1224 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. 60607; *Pony Express*, by S. Adams (\$2.95), Random House, Inc., Dept. BL, Westminster, Md. 21157; *Riders of the Pony Express*, by R. Moody (75 cents), Dell Publishing Co., Dept. BL, 750 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017; *Bill of the Pony Express*, by E. Dolan (\$1.50), McGraw-Hill Book Co., Dept. BL, 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; *Riders of the Pony Express*, by R. Moody (\$2.95), Houghton Mifflin Co., Dept. BL, 110 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. 02107; *Pony Express Goes Through*, by H. Driggs (\$5.95), J. B. Lippincott Co., Dept. BL, E. Washington Sq., Philadelphia, Pa. 19105; *Pony Express*, by F. Reinfeld (\$2.95), The Macmillan Co., Dept. BL, 866 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022; *We Were There With the Pony Express*, by W. Steele (\$2.50), Grosset & Dunlap, Inc., Dept. BL, 51 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010.

Flexible fuel and brake lines for model cars can be made from lengths of plastic insulation removed from fine copper wires. They can be painted any color to suit.—\$5 to Frank Farkas, Rexdale, Ont. Canada.

If you remove leaves, grass, or yard debris in a large cardboard carton and your hands keep slipping off the flaps, cut handholes in the sides to make the job easier.—\$5 to Gerry McCoy, Armonk, N.Y.

Did you know that if you boil coffee in an open pot with a green stick lying across the top of the pan the coffee will not boil over the edges?—\$5 to Tommy Shead, Navasota, Tex.

Painting window screens will be easier if you apply the paint with a piece of carpet fastened to a block of wood instead of using a brush.—\$5 to Tom Ruotolo, Camp Springs, Md.

If your cat or dog constantly tips his dish of food over, substitute an old milk can cover for the dish. Milk can covers are wide and heavy; your pet will find it hard to upset one.—\$5 to Steve Hall, Fly Creek, N.Y. —GLENN WAGNER



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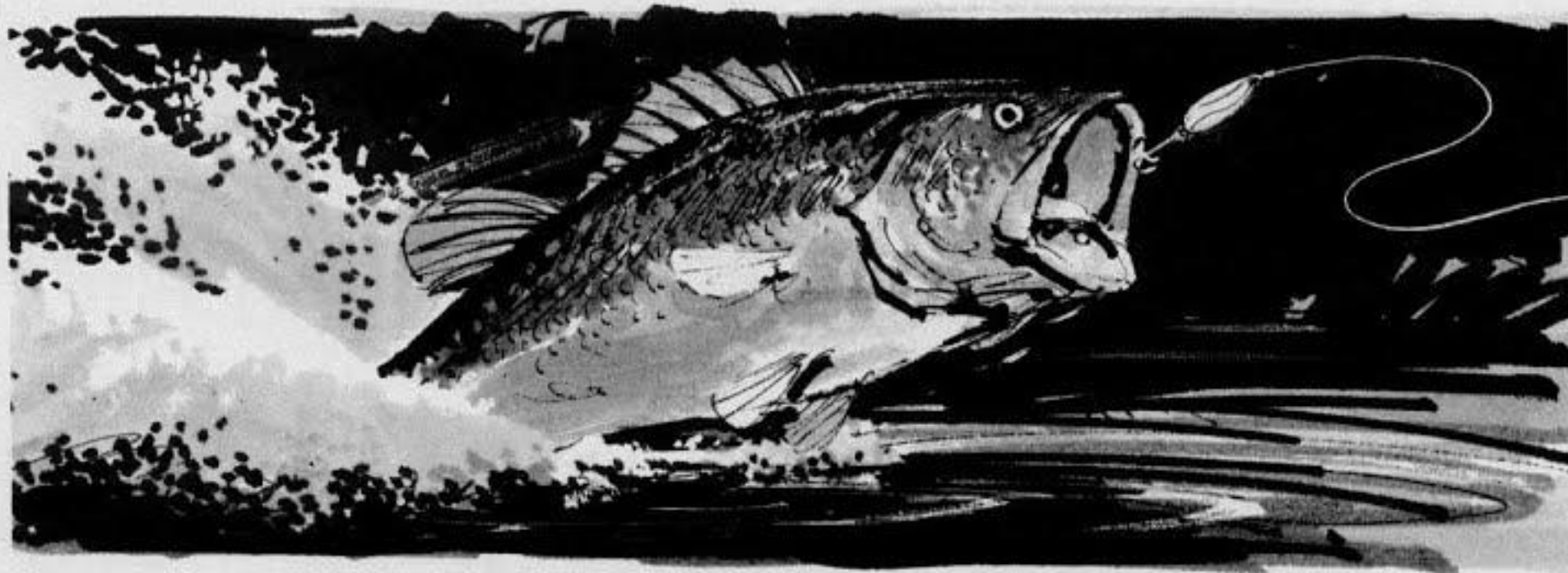
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Setting the Hook



Have you ever gone fishing with a friend who—for no apparent reason—catches ten fish to your one? You use the same bait. Your tackle is nearly identical. And when your friend becomes a little embarrassed, he offers to swap spots. Still later he uses your rod and reel while you cast his bait. Nothing changes: He still lands fish and you don't.

"You sure were snake-bit," your buddy may say at the end of the day. "Maybe your luck will change tomorrow."

And maybe your luck won't change. For anglers who get plenty of strikes but consistently land few fish obviously are doing something wrong. If you continue to get bites but nearly always go home empty-handed, luck has nothing to do with your problem. You should examine your technique.

The mistake most fishermen make under the circumstances described is—well, wait a minute. Take a hypothetical case:

You're fishing on bottom, using doughballs for carp. They're biting, so you hold the rod in your hand because carp nibble around and finally suck in the bait. If you're not ready, you'll miss 'em every time. But you miss them anyhow: You hook several, get them near the bank, but never get them near a landing net.

So you fish with minnows and, still on the bottom, you try for channel catfish. And they are biting, too. Again you hold the rod, because a hungry catfish has the power to pull your gear right into the water. And again, you hook several—but

all but one gets off before you can pull them out on the bank. You say "The hook isn't sharp enough!"

Good try. That's a good answer and a proper reason to lose fish—especially catfish. Most anglers who get bites but no fish, don't set the hook right.

"Baloney!" I can hear about 50,000 of you guys hollering. Perhaps you already have been fishing for four or five years. And what do you need to know to set a hook anyhow?

For starters, you need to know quite a little about the specific fish you're after. Long-time fishermen often do not know how to set the hook, and this is particularly true if they are accustomed to fishing for one kind of fish—say a carp—and suddenly switch to fishing for another kind, such as a catfish. A catfish has a hard, bony mouth while a carp's mouth is small and soft. So it is necessary to set v-e-r-y hard for a cat and, usually, v-e-r-y soft for a carp.

Very hard means exactly that. If you are holding the rod, the catfish normally takes a few tentative nibbles. Then he clamps down on the bait and moves off. Don't jerk. Let the line tighten and point the tip of the rod downward toward the water. Then jerk the rod up and back: The rod tip should travel in an arc of near 180 degrees, coming to a stop somewhere over your head or slightly back of it. The hook must be driven through the tough skin and/or the bony mouth.

Very soft isn't precisely the opposite of very hard. Not, at

least, if you are fishing for carp. Usually carp are cautious: Their nibbles are light compared to the nibble of a cat. Quite often, in fact, wind blowing the monofilament puts more tension on the line. Sometimes a carp nibbles away without running until the bait is gone, and when they are biting in this manner the angler is in trouble, because it is difficult to know when to set the hook. But usually—if you have the patience to wait—the carp will grab the bait and start to swim off. Set the hook then and with a kind of sharp jerk. The rod tip should travel perhaps a foot or two. In other words, set the hook softly.

Most often the mistake beginning fishermen make is not setting the hook hard enough. A sharp, foot-long jerk might solidly impale a carp or a bluegill or a crappie. But the same jerk would not hook a cat or a northern or a largemouth bass.

Setting the hook also can be important with artificials. Spoons and spinners and plugs vigorously reeled or pulled through the water automatically hook fish. But on big fish with bony mouths, the hook or hooks often do not penetrate past the barb. So give the rod an extra jerk to drive the barb in solidly.

Some artificials do not automatically hook the fish. Plastic worms are perhaps the best example. Most plastic-worm fishermen like to crawl the worm slowly over the bottom—the slower the better. The champs cast out, let the worm sink to the bottom. Then they slowly

lift the rod tip and hop or crawl the worm over the bottom: The strike quite often comes as the worm is lifted.

There is no problem if a big bass—or other fish—smashes the worm and swims away. The fisherman reacts by jerking the rod hard and either hooks or misses. But even big bass have a tendency to mouth the worm (or any other soft lure or bait they are attracted to). This mouthing is similar to the nibbling of a carp. It takes a delicate sense of touch to know when a plastic worm is being attacked.

But if you are working the worm properly, you have a good chance to set the hook correctly—which in this case is v-e-r-y hard. Each time, after you lift the rod tip to advance the worm in short hops, you lower the rod and take up the slack with the reel. Get in the habit of doing this, because it is next to impossible to set the hook if the line is not tight. Remember our catfish that swims away and tightens the line? Well, a bass that is holding a worm in its mouth and not swimming is not tightening the line. And if you don't tighten it yourself, you probably won't hook him.

The next time you are out and your companion catches fish and you don't, ask him how he sets the hook. You know something? He may be unable to tell you, for anglers who fish a lot automatically learn to set the hook. Either that or they take up croquet or some other sport that is easier.

—DICK PRYCE

If you don't like what the world has done to your forests, start a new one.

Send us a label, and we'll have a tree planted in your name in a burned-out National Forest.

Last year, people and lightning ravaged more than 555,000 acres of National Forests. More often than not, it was people who started the fires.

Trees prevent erosion and hold back flood water. They keep silt from clogging streams and rivers. They fight back at air pollution. They keep wildlife alive. If people keep burning your forests, you'll be left without a future.

We'll help you bring a burned-out National Forest back to life by having a tree planted in your name.

This photo shows part of the San Bernardino National Forest in California. It burned to a char on November 13, 1970. With your help, we'll re-tree it and grow two more forests in sites chosen by the U.S. Forest Service: the George Washington National Forest in Virginia, and the Mark Twain National Forest in Missouri. They'll be for the future of young people. So we'll call them the National Children's Forests. We'll buy the trees in your name, and the Forest Service will have them planted right next to a full-grown forest, to give you something to look forward to.

We can plant 350 trees per acre. Share an acre with your school, club or Scout troop.

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We'll put your name in a time capsule in your National Forest.

We'll place a marker in each Forest site with a vault to hold the name of everyone who has a tree planted. And to show the world that this Forest is *your* doing. We're also blazing a nature trail specially constructed to make your Forest a special place for everyone, including the handicapped. To show the world you care.

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- ☐ Hunt's Manwich (Part of label showing woman's face)
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Please send ecology decal, map and legend plus certification to:

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Postal regulations require use of zip code. Please allow four weeks for delivery. Offer expires January 31, 1972



Making the Scene

By E. D. SMALL

Exploring **E**

Peer over the far horizon and what do you see? If you're a Sea Explorer you'll focus on some big dates looming in '72. The Nor'wester Rendezvous will be held in Bremerton, Wash., May 20-21—just before the Ancient Mariner Regatta in Alameda, Calif., which is scheduled for the 26th through 29th of May. The King Neptune Rendezvous is booked for June 16-18 in Pensacola, Fla. And August 20-25, in Fort Worth, Tex., Sea Explorers will compete in the finals of the National Sailing Championship.

... The Explorers carried railroad ties and staked them down to form rectangles. Then the senior Girl Scouts filled the frames with sand and wood chips. By the end of this Project SOAR weekend at a Michigan Girl Scout camp, the steps built by the 100-plus hard-working kids added up to a hillside stairway. Now it's easier to get to one of the camp's main buildings, and the grassy slope on which it sits has better protection against erosion. The Explorers helping with the project belong to posts in the Redford District of the Detroit Area BSA Council.

... Exploring in general and Douglas Hall in particular were the stars of "Saturday Can Be a Lonely Day in the City," a documentary filmed and aired by WRC-TV (NBC) in Washington, D.C. A member of the Class of '71 at Wilson High School, Doug has spent five years in the Scouting movement



Explorer Douglas Hall stars in TV documentary.

and hopes to become a doctor or an architect. The TV program on which he appeared was part of a series entitled *Perspective*.

... Explorers of Post 320 in Seattle, Wash., helped to reclaim dozens of Indian graves when they spent a day hacking through the tangle of vines and brush growing over much of the cemetery in nearby Suquamish where the body of Chief Noah Seattle lies buried. The historic cemetery is on a scenic shore of Puget Sound, across the water from the city named for the Indian chief who saved it from destruction back in its pioneer days more than a century ago.

Outdoors

What's in the works for Project SOAR in 1972? Plenty, that's what!

Things to learn—like the "how" and "why" of the recycling measures that are needed more and more every day as we fall farther and farther behind in our struggle to protect our environment against the ravages of a burgeoning population.

Things to do—like taking part in these highlights from the month-by-month calendar for SOAR '72: February, special unit meetings to announce plans; March, launching of community improvement projects; April, emphasis on water-oriented activities; April 29, Scouting Keep America Beautiful Day.

May 1, deadline for entries in Phase II, Soil Conservation Society of America Photo Contest (for competition rules, see MTS, p. 26, BL, December 1970); May-June, conservation camporees and/or Scout shows; July-August, adopt a stream (or a lake shore or a small watershed) at home or in camp, and work to make it cleaner and improve its conditions for fishing; July-August, camp ecology workshops.

... For those of you who like statistics, here's the completed count on last June's Scouting Keep America Beautiful Day. More than 2,000,000 youths and adults cleaned up trash along 200,000 miles of highway and streams, 400,000 acres of

parks, recreation areas and other public places. Over 1,000,000 tons of litter were collected, enough trash for 200,000-plus truckloads. Wow.

... Eastwood Mini Park and Picnic Place is what they call it now, but before the Bullwinkle Patrol of Troop 304 set to work last summer, this Tampa, Fla., neighborhood park was nothing more than a vacant lot. La-Monte-Shimberg Corporation, a GMIC Industries subsidiary, is helping the kids with their SOAR project.

... In Kansas City, Mo., a 4' x 8' model of the city's waterworks was a feature of Troop 651's all-out clean-up efforts. The model was made by 10 members of the troop for display in a local drugstore with Scouts on hand daily to explain the problems of water pollution.

... Watering saplings on South San Francisco's Sign Mountain was a summer-long project of that city's Troop 60.

... When the Scouts of Troop 51, Roselle, N.J., assembled at a local playground on Scouting Keep America Beautiful Day in June, they weren't there just for the fun of it. Each Scout carried a rake and a trash bag. By the end of the day, the trash bags were full of accumulated litter and waiting to be picked up by town trucks. The playground was ready for the start of the town's summer recreation program—and the Scouts were planning to return from time to time to make sure that the playground stayed clean.

... In Hazleton, Pa., Scouting KAB Day received an extra publicity push from the Cub Scouts of Pack 18, sponsored by St. Gabriel's R.C. Church. Posters made by the pack were displayed at a drive-in restaurant and a shopping center.

... Like their brother Scouts throughout the U.S.A., the 12 members of Troop 145 in the small Montana town of Centerville spent Scouting KAB Day in June picking up litter. Troop 145 report their clean-up operation was doubly rewarding: They removed four pickup truckloads of trash from a 10-mile stretch of country road. And they found a baby bull snake, which they're keeping as a pet.

... Let's hear it for—and about—Project SOAR! What, for example, is your troop, pack, or post doing as its Project SOAR

activity? Send your SOAR news to "Making the Scene," *Boys' Life*, North Brunswick, N.J. 08902. If it's used, BL will send five dollars for your unit's treasury. (See MTS in the July BL for details. On page 21.)

... Not all owls. Not every hawk. Not even the bald eagle. Until just a few months ago few birds of prey were protected by South Carolina statute. That most predators have been removed at last from the destructive—hence unprotected—classification is thanks largely to the hard work of Troop 98 of St. Bartholomew's Church, North Augusta, S.C. And it all started with a 1970 Wonderful World of Scouting falconry project for which the boys sought permission to trap sparrow hawks.

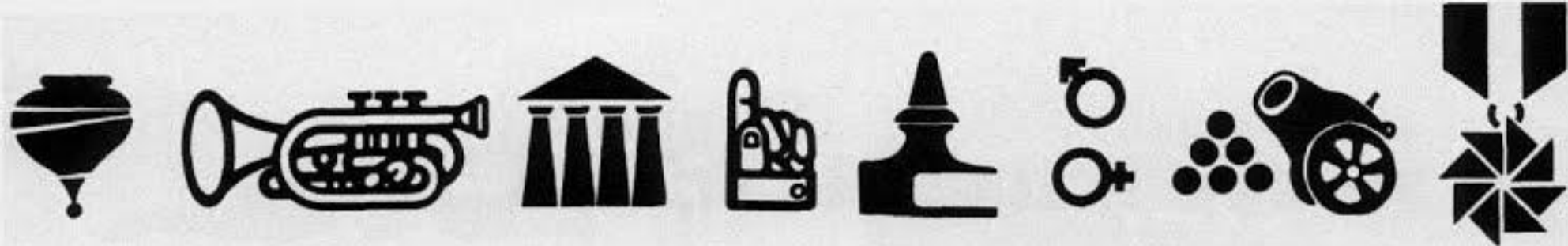
The original purpose of the falconry project was educational, to stimulate public interest in the ecological role of these predators, "the best of all mousetraps." The idea of working to change the law came with the discovery of its inequity.



South Carolina Scouts befriend a hawk.

The Scouts trained the hawks, exhibited them at the Scout fair. They also drew up a petition calling for their protection. Then they collected almost 1,000 signatures. Enlisted the support of the Carolina Bird Club. Appeared on television, on radio news programs. Visited their State senator, persuaded him to introduce a bill calling for the reclassification of hawks, owls, eagles, and other predators. And when the bill became law—it was passed by the State legislature with extraordinary speed—the Scouts of Troop 98 were on hand to watch the Governor sign it.

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... When Project SOARING Scouts of North Carolina's Onslow District joined forces with other concerned citizens to at-



North Carolina Boy Scouts remove roadside litter.

tack the problem of roadside litter, they mapped their strategy—for real. Maps showing the location of the county's sanitary landfills appeared on page one of the local newspaper. And clean-up volunteers were given maps showing the location of trash piles to be removed to the landfills.

By-lines

To two well-known English novelists goes credit for this month's BL fiction. Leon Garfield is the author of "Strange Fish," p. 34, a compelling yarn about an eerie, long-ago village on the bleak coast of Cornwall. Read "Paying the Penalty," p. 26, and you'll be reading a taut contemporary story of World Cup soccer—by Brian Glanville.

While "Strange Fish" is Mr. Garfield's first contribution to BL, his reputation as a master storyteller is already firmly established here as well as in his native England. His five novels (written in the past five years) have all been prizewinners, each of the last three—*Smith*, *Black Jack*, and *The God Beneath The Sea*—a runner-up for the Carnegie Medal, England's top award for juvenile fiction.

Mr. Glanville's first BL story ran just last April, "Win or Lose" its title, an international track star its hero. The author of 10 novels, including *The Olympian*, an international best-seller, Mr. Glanville does sports reporting for both *The Sunday Times* of London and *The New York Times*. When he's not writing fiction, that is.

... If not the allegiance, En-

gland can claim at least the affection of one of this month's nonfiction by-liners. Robert Deindorfer ("Sonny Sixkiller: A Real All-American," p. 8) is so ardent an Anglophile that he recently bought a house in Lower Slaughter, England—and dreams about it most of the year, when he lives in New York.

A prolific writer, his many books and frequent articles (for just about all of the major mags) are most apt to be about football—or spies; you figure out the connection. Not surprisingly, though, he was the author of BL's recent article on cricket. You'll find that one in last August's issue.

... Are ghosts for real? A good question, this Halloween month, and in answer longtime BL articles editor Louis Sabin brings you a firsthand report of his visit to a haunted house in—yes!—England. Turn to p. 20 to learn what he learned about "The Ghosts of Puttendon Manor."

... Monterey, Calif., is home to Dick Rowan ("Scout Adventure in the Black Forest," p. 44), but you're most likely to find him here, there, everywhere. For *Boys' Life* alone this peripatetic photographer-reporter (and Eagle Scout) already has toted his camera to such diverse faraway places as Tahiti and New Zealand and Austria. Among the other mags for which he has set forth are *Holiday*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Ski*, *Golf*, *Sports Illustrated*, and *Venture*.

... In the movies it's an Oscar, in TV it's an Emmy. In the world of men's fashion writing it's a Lulu. No one but no one may win more than three Lulus—and Iris Bauer ("Earth Clothes," p. 30) for one, has already bagged her limit of the statuettes awarded annually for excellence in the field by the Men's Fashion Association and the Menswear Retailers of America.

Miss Bauer entered the world of men's fashion writing through the portals of *Esquire*, where she held a summer job during her student days at Columbia University. Reporting what's to wear where since then has taken her far, literally as well as figuratively, for she travels extensively on assignment for many major mags—including *Look*, of which she is a contributing editor.

Etc., Etc.,



If you are contemplating career possibilities, you might do well to invest \$1.25 in a booklet that tells you where to find out about what—for free. Even though "A 'Starter' File of Free Occupational Literature" is aimed primarily at vocational-guidance counselors, its language is not beyond us laymen. ASFOFOL (we'll call it) lists 103 screened and selected pamphlets exploring some 500 careers in all. Each pamphlet listed can be yours for the asking, and you are given the address to which you should send your request. For your copy of ASFOFOL, write—enclosing check or money order—to B'nai B'rith Vocational Service, 1640 Rhode Island Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Scouting



Quick thinking, quick action by nine Yeagertown, Pa., Scouts saved a nearby mountain forest from possibly serious damage not long ago. The Scouts, members of Troop 15, were on a five-mile hike when they came upon an out-of-control campfire that was being fanned by the wind. Using coats and sweaters, branches and sticks, the Scouts were able to subdue the flames before local fire companies could get to the scene.

... Seven Boston area Eagle Scouts were "honorary navigators" aboard the USS Constitution when the 174-year-old frigate made her annual turnabout cruise in Boston Harbor this summer. One of the first three ships in the U.S. Navy and the oldest commissioned vessel still afloat anywhere in the world, "Old Ironsides" each year is taken by tug from her pier at the Boston Naval Shipyard. She is turned around in the harbor, then tied up for another 12 months.

... The Johnston Historical Museum of Scouting memorabilia recently registered its 400,000th visitor since opening its doors in June 1960. He was Jeff Robison of Troop 50, in North Brunswick, N.J., where the museum is located on the grounds of the B.S.A. national headquarters. Jeff was presented with a reprint of the first Scout handbook, which came out back in 1911. Jeff's copy bears the autograph of today's Chief Scout Executive, Alden G. Barber.

... The grueling cross-country race could not have been much closer, going into the home stretch. Only a step or two separated the leading runner from his closest rival. Suddenly the boy in the lead stumbled and fell to the ground. The runner behind him stopped, too, and grabbing the exhausted boy by the hand, yanked him to his feet and across the finish line.

They were not teammates, these two boys who finished the race in what the officials ruled was a dead heat. The runner who fell was a Cottonwood High student; the one who helped him up, a Murray High School junior. His name is Scott Bennett. He is an Eagle Scout and a member of Explorer Post 394, Murray, Utah.

... Fifty years ago they didn't call it "high adventure," but in today's lingo that's what was being remembered at a Scout reunion held in Clinton, Iowa, last summer. High adventure—and then some—for the 75 former Scouts were gathered to celebrate the anniversary of a 36-day, 2,600-mile trek made the summer of 1921 by 195 Scouts and leaders who traveled all the way from Clinton to Yellowstone National Park and back—over unpaved roads and wagon trails, through thunderstorms and mud—by (hold on to your hat) Model-T.



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Shape Up



Basic Leg Workout

By MIKE COLASURDO



Using toes only, pick up marbles. Work a small towel into a ball under your instep.



Support body on side of one foot, straight arm. Lift upper leg high. Lower slowly. Repeat on other side.

Kick outstretched hand with each foot. Extend arms sidewise, try to kick hand with opposite foot.



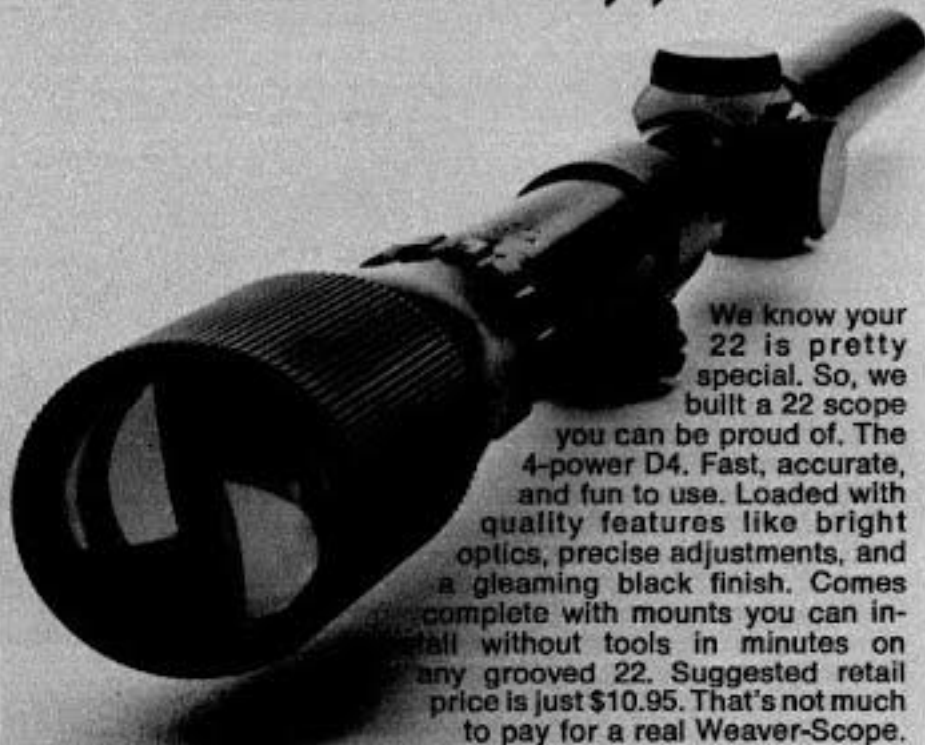
Stand erect, then bend knees to squat, with back straight. Rise slowly. Repeat 6 times.

It is a sports axiom that the first part of any athlete's body to show weakness is his underpinning—the legs. Yet it is vitally important to a coach that his players' underpinning be strong and in sound physical condition.

There are many different methods of getting your legs

in top condition. But, to begin with, you should concentrate on plain work with very little sugarcoating added in the form of tricks, stunts, or games. You must be determined to have strong legs and do the work to build them. These are basic daily exercises.

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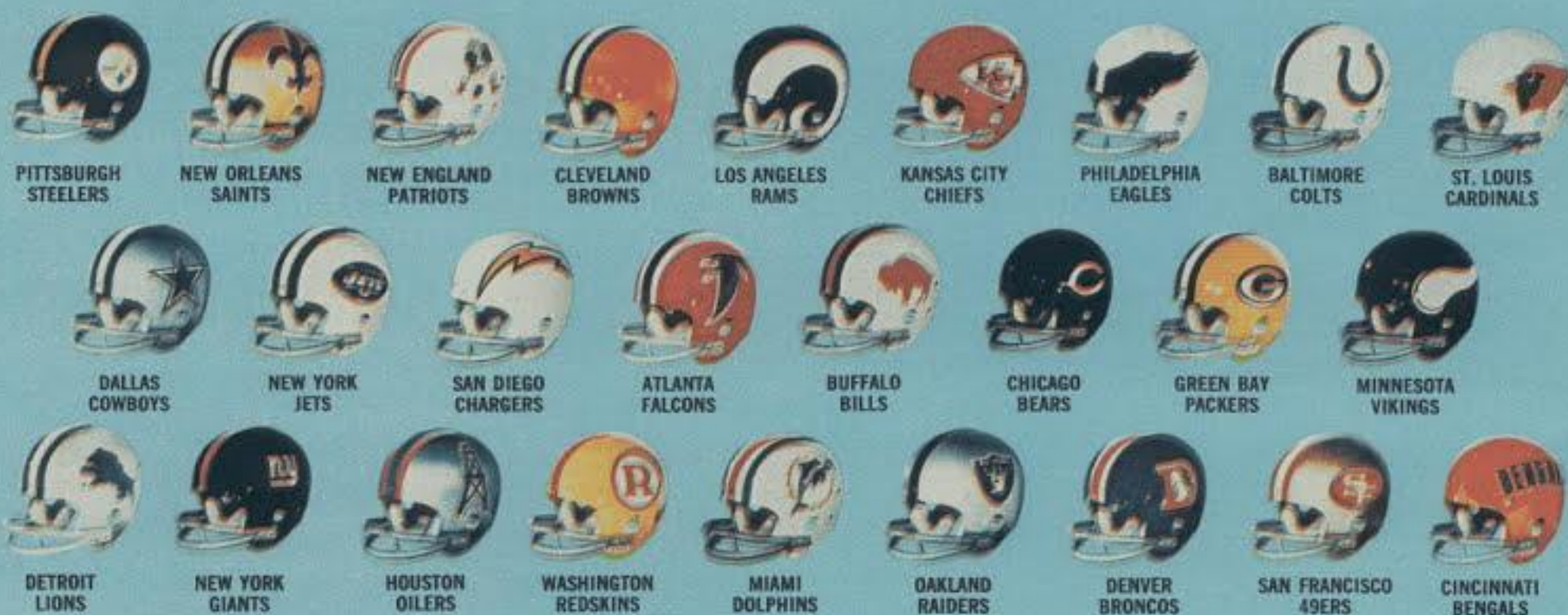
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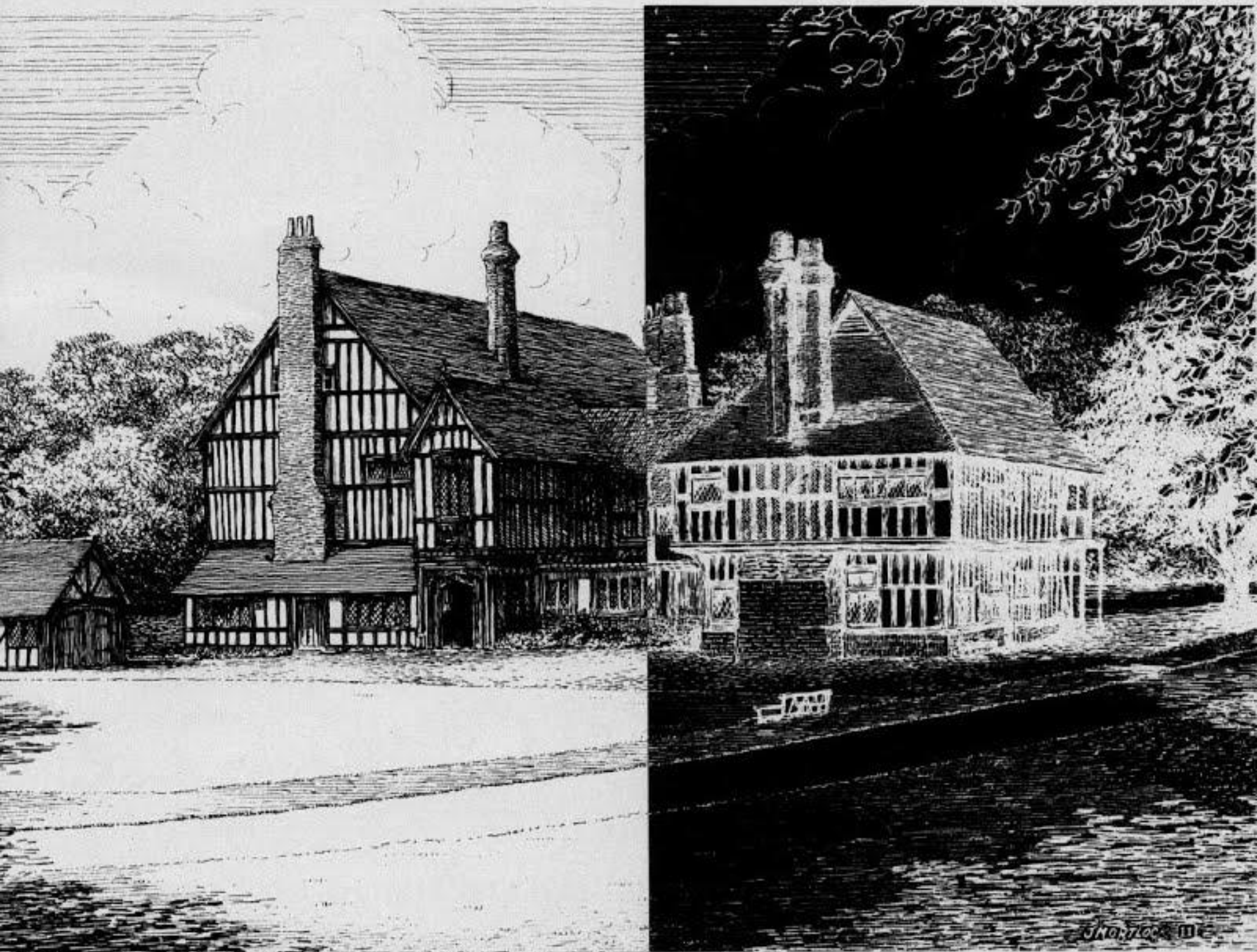


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THE GHOSTS



OF PUTTENDEN MANOR

By LOUIS SABIN

In daylight there is no sign of ghosts about the 700-year-old house. But, as the last rays of sunset give way to dusk, a chill fills the air on the warmest of summer nights. It is an unreal chill, as if winds from another world are being breathed upon the walls and through the rooms of Puttenden Manor, which holds dark memories of tragedy, murder, and visitations of the shades of persons long dead. . . .

I don't believe in ghosts, so it was with deep skepticism that I sat listening to Puttenden's present owner, Brian

Thompson, recount the terrifying history that has earned his home the reputation of being one of England's truly haunted houses.

"There was a man named George Sondes, who owned Puttenden in the mid-1600's," Mr. Thompson told me. "Sir George had a son named Freeman, who died of natural causes. Not long after, a second son, named George, was born, then a third son, named Freeman in memory of the one who had died. In time a rivalry developed between Freeman, who took care of the place in his

father's absence, and young George, who would be considered a playboy today. They argued constantly, and finally, Freeman sneaked into George's room one night, stole his clothing—which was very expensive and fashionable—put it on and rode into London to have a good time. When he returned, however, George was waiting for him. Now, legend says that the brothers fought outside the house, where Freeman killed his brother. But historical accounts say that Freeman and George argued fiercely and, later in the night, Freeman crept

into his brother's room, murdered him while he slept, and immediately confessed the deed to his father.

"Sir George, feeling that his duty was clear, had Freeman arrested and tried for murder. The trial took place within two days and, two weeks later, Freeman was hanged for fratricide. Legend says that the brothers' mother then planted the sprigs of two weeping ash trees outside the house before she died and Sir George remarried. History states that they were planted by the second Mrs. Sondes. In any case,

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the trees were planted along with this warning: 'Let the two trees grow, let them represent the two brothers. As long as they remain here, Puttenden will be a happy home.' "

To this day the weeping ashes stand as mute testimony to a night of horror and, like the two brothers, the branches are inextricably bound together, arms twisted as if struggling in combat. Nobody has ever considered removing them, fearful perhaps that a curse would destroy Puttenden and all those living in it. Indeed, the previous owner told Mr. Thompson that he saw George and Freeman walking across the grounds in the moonlight.

Mr. Thompson has not seen that apparition, but, he says, "I have seen, in the dining hall, a head and shoulders appear from nowhere. At first I took them to be a cobweb, just a filmy shape, until I realized it was too large to be a cobweb. As I watched, it moved over the table, and I recognized the thing to be someone's head and shoulders, with a hood over the head, like the cowl of a monk. That cowl was part of a style of dress worn hundreds of years ago. Seconds before it disappeared I had the strong impression that it was a man, rather than a woman or child, and it seemed to be communicating to me a feeling of profound sorrow."

The hooded head was not the first psychic phenomenon experienced by Mr. Thompson and his family since they took up residence at Puttenden in 1966. His initial contact with an unworldly thing took place shortly after the Thompsons had moved in and he was painting a door leading into the study. "The study," says Mr. Thompson, "is where Philip Napier, the previous owner, spent much of his time during the 40 years following the death of his wife. As I was kneeling in front of the door on that sunny Sunday morning, I distinctly heard the swish of silk and smelled the same perfume you can smell in Mrs. Napier's room, upstairs. A moment later I heard a voice say, 'Welcome, Brian.' That was all."

"Mrs. Napier's room was seldom used after her death because her husband felt she was still in it. However, whenever it was slept in by a guest on those occasions when the other rooms were occupied, the guest would invariably report having awakened to see Mrs. Napier in the room. The ghostly lady never did or said anything—she simply appeared."

"My wife and I used Mrs. Napier's room as our bedroom

for several years, and, since nothing strange happened there, we began to doubt the stories of her appearances. That is, until a few weeks ago, when a retired British Army officer used the room for some work he was doing for me. On his third, and last, day he left at about 11 o'clock in the morning. Soon after, Maura, who lives here and works for us, went upstairs to dust the room, make the bed, and tidy up. A moment after she had finished and stepped into the hall there was a loud crash. She rushed back inside and found that two small boxes had flung themselves from one side of the room to the other, spilling the contents onto the floor. Maura insists they couldn't have slipped off, and by her description of where they had been on a chest of drawers, I believe her. But even if they had fallen off, they couldn't possibly have reached the other side of the room. Maura also said that, as she entered the room and saw the boxes on the floor, she felt an intense communication of rage and anger and disgust. Her belief was that Mrs. Napier did not approve of the officer one bit, that she resented having him in her room. We all laughed at this until a week later, when it was learned that he was an alcoholic and had run off with all my files and other personal property."

While this was the only time those boxes have "jumped across the room," there have been several instances when film companies and photographers have acted nasty, and as a result, the film in their cameras came out blurred upon

being developed. (A fine example of old English Tudor homes, Puttenden Manor has appeared in many movies, the latest being *Anne of the Thousand Days*.) The most electrifying instance of "Napier's Revenge" occurred when a photographer came to Puttenden to take fashion photos for a British magazine and aroused the anger of both Mr. Thompson and Mr. Napier's ghost.

"It began," recalls Mr. Thompson, "when the photographer and his assistant arrived four hours late for their appointment. They were extremely offensive, and started off by hanging equipment on everything, including some priceless paintings and antique furniture. In addition, the female model with them actually stubbed out a cigarette on a very valuable old table. I was furious, as you can imagine, and when the photographer asked me if we had any ghosts in the house, I assured him we did. He asked where. I told him, 'In the study,' and he just brushed past me and went to the study door, saying, 'Oh, let me have a look.' I opened the door, but before the photographer or I could go inside, his assistant pushed past both of us. He had some lighting equipment he wanted to set up, and he decided he'd use the electrical outlet in the study since the one in the drawing room didn't serve his purpose. So he ran over to the double outlet, which had one plug connected to a lamp in the room, and when he began to fiddle around with the outlet, I whispered to myself, 'Philip Napier, if you are here, I hope

you spook these rude people.'

"Well, the words couldn't have been thought more than a split second when the assistant pushed in his equipment's plug, there was a loud bang! and all of his fuses and lights were blown. Our fuse was unaffected and the lamp lighted when I tried it. But the assistant froze where he was, and the photographer went as white as a sheet and dashed from the room to sit at a table in the next room, trembling. He wasn't able to take a photograph for over an hour after that. Not that it mattered—I learned afterward from another photographer that every picture taken that night turned out botchy . . . and both the photographer and his assistant refused to come back to try again."

Other supernatural phenomena have occurred at the ancient, beautiful estate in the county of Surrey. A visitor, sitting outside the house, once saw a woman looking out a window in an upstairs room, then moving around inside before returning to the window. When the woman was later described to Mr. Thompson, he knew Puttenden had been host to another supernatural guest, because the clothing worn by the woman in the window was identical with clothing worn by a housemaid 200 years before! Another visit, by several supernatural beings, was recorded shortly before the Thompsons moved in and began to repair the damage done to the manor after Philip Napier stopped caring for it in his later years: A photograph taken of the house revealed five ghosts—four heads and a complete head and body—seemingly growing from the trunk of a dead tree not far from the front door of the manor house.

No ghosts appeared while I was there. Nor did I smell Mrs. Napier's perfume, witness any boxes skimming across a room, or have other-worldly words whispered in my ears. And my photographs were not blurred by some vengeful hand from the beyond. Yet, even now, as I repeat the tales of Puttenden Manor, I wonder if the spirits of the Napiers, George and Freeman Sondes, and who knows how many other wandering souls, didn't take pity on a doubting Louis who otherwise might never have survived to tell their story to the readers of *Boys' Life*. For, even as I type and look at the pictures, my hands tremble, my brow dampens with perspiration, and I see those two twisted trees glowing in the moonlight. . . .



Before the manor house was restored, this photo revealed spirits in dead tree at left. Note three long faces at top of trunk.

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KNOW THE SCORE

By JOE MARSHALL

If you are one of the people who love to bowl but hate to keep score, you are missing some of the fun of this popular sport—and for no good reason.

You can learn the rules and symbols quickly, and if you can add a column of three figures, you can handle the scorekeeping chores as well as anyone.

First learn these rules:

The entire object of bowling is to knock down 10 hardwood pins with a composition ball that weighs not more than 16 pounds. The pins are set up in a triangle formation at the end of a stretch of wooden floor 60 feet long. How you get ball to pins is your own business as long as you don't step over the foul line 60 feet from the first pin in the triangle.

Each time the pins are set up is a frame, and 10 frames make one game.

You are allowed to roll a maximum of two balls in each frame. If you knock down all the pins with your first ball, you are not allowed to use a second ball. (Do this often enough, and other players will ask you for advice.) If you conceal your natural talent and knock down only a portion of the 10 pins with your first ball, you are allowed to take your second turn.

But going back to that ball that knocks down all the pins: That's called a strike and it is worth 10 points plus whatever you score with your next two balls. If you roll three strikes in a row, your score in the first frame will be 10 for the first strike plus 10 for each of the next two balls, or a total of 30, the highest score you can make in one frame.

If you use two balls to knock down all 10 pins in the first frame, you have achieved a spare. Your score in the first frame will be 10 plus whatever you score with the next ball. The maximum possible score in the first frame then becomes 20.

Should you decide to be very modest in the first frame and knock down only four pins with your first ball and two with the second ball, your score for the first frame will be six. (If you do this often enough, nobody will nag you for advice.)

Digest these rules carefully and take a look at the illustration of a typical bowling score sheet, shown at the bottom of the page.

The small boxes in the upper right-hand corner of each large square are used to indicate what happens each time a player

rolls a ball in a frame. The larger squares are used to write the score for the frame plus the total points scored in previous frames.

If you score 6 points in the first frame and 19 in the second, you enter the total figure of 25 in the second large box.

In addition to the numbers representing the pins you have knocked down, four symbols are used on a bowling score sheet.

If you make a strike with your first ball, mark an "X" in the first small box.

In the event that you tumble six pins with your first ball, place that number in the first small box, and if you remove the rest of the pins with your second ball, place a diagonal line from upper right to lower left in the second box.

When your luck is bad, and the second ball touches nothing but thin air, make a dash in the middle of the second box.

The fourth symbol is an "O" and is used when the first ball in a frame creates a "split." This means that the ball took out the pins in the middle of the triangle and left one or more pins on both the left and right sides. If you are a bowler, you know this is bad news. It means that you must try to make the remaining pins on one side slide across the alley and take out those on the other side—a very difficult feat! The "O" has nothing to do with scoring, it merely tells the bowler what happened in that frame.

In the mythical game scored in the illustration, you can put your knowledge of both rules and symbols to work.

The illustration represents the score sheet of a pretty good bowler who warms up slowly, gets the hang of things in the middle frames, and then loses his touch.

His first ball in frame one knocked down only four pins, so he aimed carefully with the second ball, skidded slightly at the foul line, and put the second ball right through the open space in the triangle. His score for the first frame was only 4. A dash on the score sheet shows that the second ball struck nothing and the frame ended with pins still standing.

In the second frame the bowler relaxed a little bit, hit six pins with the first ball, and took down the other four with his second attempt. He made the spare, as shown by the diagonal line in the second box. No score was entered for this frame until he rolled the first ball of the third frame.

As indicated by the number in the first box in frame three, his first ball struck eight pins. Now the score for the second frame can be completed. The bowler receives 10 for the spare plus eight for the next ball following the spare for a total of 18. Since bowling scores are kept as a running tally, the four pins from the first frame are added for a total of 22.

With the second ball of the third frame the bowler again achieved the spare, scoring 10 for the frame plus whatever he makes with the next ball. That next ball turned out to be a strike and the 10 pins are added to frame three. The total now entered in frame three is 10 plus 10 plus the previously scored 22 points which equals 42.

Now our bowler bears down. He already has a strike for frame four. He rolls no more in that frame, but the total of his next two balls will be added to the 10 points scored with the strike.

His next two trips to the foul line are good ones. In the fifth frame he bowls another strike and with the first ball in the sixth frame he takes down nine pins. His score for the fourth frame is now 10 plus 10 plus 9 equals 29, and this figure added to the 42 points already scored in the first three frames brings the total to 71.

Meanwhile, more good things are happening. The second roll in the sixth frame makes the spare for 10 pins. The score for the fifth frame now reads 10 for the strike plus 10 for the spare achieved by the next two balls. Add this to 71 and our bowler has 91 for the first half of the game.

He's really hot now, and has dreams of rolling his first score over 200. For the seventh frame he surprises even himself by rolling another strike. His score for the sixth frame is 10 for the spare and 10 for the strike that followed it. Four more strikes and that coveted 200 game will be in his pocket.

Frame eight is a disappointment—but he makes the spare with his second roll, adding 10 pins to the 10 scored with his seventh-frame strike for a total of 131 in seven frames.

Now he's thinking more about that fleeting 200 game than about his form. In the ninth frame his first ball takes down only four pins, and that, added to the eighth-frame spare, gives him 14 points and a total of 145 in the eighth.

He gets three more pins with his second ball in the ninth frame. His ninth-frame score is 7 and the total for the game to that point is 152.

If only his mid-game skill would return he might still finish in the 180's—but things don't work out that way. Two balls in the tenth and final frame topple only seven pins and he finishes with a total of 159.

That's not bad at all—but our bowler did want that 200 game. So it's back to the alley for more practice, and he'll get it someday.

You will, too, if you want your own 200 game enough to work on improving your bowling form—and if you don't let scorekeeping problems keep you from trying.

STRIKE:		SPARE:		PINS LEFT STANDING		SPLIT:	
X		/		—		0	

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	TOTAL
4 -	6 /	8 /	X	X	9 /	X	6 /	4 3	6 1 -	
4	22	42	71	91	111	131	145	152	159	159



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Finding a Library Book

By KEN and PAT KRAFT



So far as we know, young Mel Dewey wasn't taking a bath and didn't spring out of the tub crying "Eureka," like Archimedes, when he got his wonderful idea—but you couldn't blame him if he had. What he'd just thought up was something that librarians had been seeking for centuries.

He got this inspiration in 1876, almost a century ago, but the Dewey Decimal System, as it came to be called, is so good that today it can handle a book on lasers or lunar modules as easily as it could one on the care of oil lamps in the 1800's.

Since the Dewey system is the most popular one with libraries throughout the world for keeping books in order instead of chaos, your school and public libraries most likely use it. Except for fiction, which is easily filed alphabetically by authors, every book in the library has a Dewey number on its spine where you can see it when the book is standing on its shelf. For example, there's this one: 973.3, which is pretty typical. But what it is, is a sort of simple shorthand.

All you do is to break the number down. The 9 means that the book is about history or travel, or is a biography, and the 7 ties it down to North American History. The 3 narrows this to a history of the United States. So you've learned something most people never know: Every book with a 973 on its spine is a U.S. history. That 3 after the decimal point is a speedy way of saying, "This is a history of the American Revolutionary War." A figure 1 would have said, "Exploration of the U.S." A figure 7 would mean "History of the Civil War." By putting in the decimal point, Dewey kept the system compact but easy to expand anywhere along the line. And if there is a need to narrow a classification still more, a library merely adds one or more specific figures.

After hearing about his Dewey Decimal System, you probably won't be surprised to learn that Melvil Dewey was a born reformer. He was all for simplifying spelling—"thru" for "through," "nabor" for "neighbor"—as was Theodore Roosevelt, incidentally—and for adoption of the metric system, and he campaigned against tobacco and alcohol. He was also so strong for efficiency that he shortened the "Melville" he was baptized, to "Melvil."

Melvil graduated from Amherst College, and two years later, when he was 24, and running the college library, he thought up his scheme of book classification.

Here's how it works:

- There are only 10 classes of books. The first group's numbers start with 0, the next group's with 1, and so on to 9.
- 000-099 General references, such as encyclopedias.
 - 100-199 Philosophy—what people think and do.
 - 200-299 Religion—worship and ideals.
 - 300-399 Sociology—how human society lives and works.
 - 400-499 Languages.
 - 500-599 Pure Science—chemistry, mathematics, zoology, etc.
 - 600-699 Science in use—engineering, industry, tools, medicine, etc.
 - 700-799 Fine Arts and Recreation—painting, music, architecture; games, fishing, etc.
 - 800-899 Literature.
 - 900-999 History, Travel, and Biography.

You might want to take this list when you go to the library—or you can find these numbers in the card files of books. Interested in animals? Check the 500 group. Carpentry? See the 600 one. Folklore? It's in the 300's. The Dewey shortcut can put precision in your book look.

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Just a few months ago, the Boy Scouts of America published the first issue of a brand-new magazine. It is designed for teenage boys and girls and for young adults. Its name is EXPLORING Magazine. The Exploring program of the Boy Scouts of America is one of the most popular programs ever conducted among American teenagers. Its tremendous success is based on the fact that it is made up of activities that really interest young people. It combines stimulating social activities, outdoor recreation, and public-service projects, in a program that appeals to young adults and encourages them to pursue their own interests and talents. This program is growing by leaps and bounds. EXPLORING Magazine is its latest development.

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of the writing and editing. They will produce a magazine for their contemporaries. This guarantees that teenage readers will find the magazine interesting and significant. It will become **their** magazine. They will be able to write to the editors and get answers that make sense to them. They will be able to discuss their problems in the magazine's pages. EXPLORING, in short, will be a magazine for the most talked-about segment of American society, one of the largest, and possibly the most misunderstood. For many

years there has been a need for a magazine like EXPLORING. Now, at last, this need has been fulfilled. In the issues to come, you will be the judge of just how well that has been done.

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Paying the Penalty

By BRIAN GLANVILLE

Coming out of the tunnel, up those steps and into the sunlight, I don't think I've ever been so nervous. Every Mexican in that Aztec Stadium was for Brazil. They hated us. They hated England. Looking around, you could see a few Union Jacks. But the only cheers you heard were for Bra-sil! The old chant started: "Bra-sil, Bra-sil!" like we'd been hearing on and off ever since we got to Mexico.

I'll honestly admit it; there was a moment when I just wanted to turn round and walk straight back down that tunnel, even if it was the World Cup Final, the championship. Even if—in this most important, most crucial of all soccer games—it meant someone else keeping goal for England. And if I'd known what was going to happen, especially that last minute, the penalty, maybe I would have done it.

Perhaps you can imagine it. England's team 3-2 ahead, both goals against us my fault, and 105,000 people screaming their heads off, wanting England to lose, praying for England to lose. Nothing much happening, the ball in midfield, then bang, right out of the blue, Brazil coming at us. The ball goes out to this big Jairzinho, on the right wing, he brings it up to Rodney James, beats him, goes to the goal line, crosses and I start coming out for it. They're my specialty, crosses; to me, that's what makes the difference between a good goalkeeper and bad one.

It was my ball, all right. I was in midair, shaping to catch it, when suddenly Ted Rogers, our center-half, backs into me, over I go and as I fall, I see Pelé get up to it and head it into the goal. But Charlie Lane is standing on the line, by the right-hand goalpost, and he does the only thing he can do: He leaps up and turns it over the crossbar with his hand. If Charlie'd been a goalkeeper, it would have been a good save. As it was, it had to be a penalty, and that whole stadium went quiet. The referee pointed to the penalty spot, I got up from the ground, and one or two of the lads said, "Good luck, Tony."

It was a terrible moment in one way, yet in another it was a fascinating moment, too. Because in soccer you can't be blamed for letting in a penalty, no goalkeeper can. Twelve yards out and only you to face it; and not allowed to move until the ball's been kicked. It was like getting a second chance.

As soon as it happened I thought: Pelé will take it. It'll have to be Pelé, the "King"; for me he was the greatest thing on two legs. One of the other Brazilians had the ball. But then Pelé and some of the others

were gathered round him, they seemed to be having a sort of conference about it, maybe to confuse us; a bit of an argument. But in the end Pelé took the ball and walked forward with it; the little stocky black man then put it very, very carefully on the penalty spot. He picked it up again, looked at it like he was trying to remember the maker's name, turned it over in his hands, and put it down. Then he turned back to take his run, just half-a-dozen paces, the longest half dozen I've ever seen.

I already knew what I was going to do, the gamble I'd take, even if it meant making

For five matches I'd been warming the bench, watching the play. I was no longer match fit.

a fool of myself in front of all those thousands of people. When he turned round at last and faced me, I was crouched on the goal line, dead square on, so he couldn't tell which way I was going, watching him, watching his feet, as he started on his run.

Of course, I shouldn't have been playing; that was what made it all ironical. I was number two, and with Roger Blake there, you might as well have been number 22. I didn't resent it. He is what they call him: the greatest in the world. In fact the other England boys made a bit of a joke of it. "There he goes," they'd say, whenever he



On my gamble rested the world championship of soccer. But I knew I had to take the chance.



made a save in training, "world's greatest goalkeeper."

For five matches, I'd been sitting on the bench in my tracksuit, watching him play. The three qualifying matches in Guadalajara, where it was roasting hot, but a dry heat. The quarter finals in Puebla, higher, more humid, harder to breathe. Then the semifinals, back in Guadalajara again. It's a funny feeling, being substitute. You want to play and you don't want to play. You don't want him to get hurt—and yet, in a way, I suppose you *do* want him to get hurt. You want him to do well, you want the

team to do well; yet at the same time, if he made a slip—you've got this thought in the back of your mind—maybe you'd get in.

But the thing about Roger Blake is, he doesn't make slips. Not in international matches. When he's playing for his club, for the Rovers, maybe yes. Everybody does, every goalkeeper sometimes. But playing for England, something happens to him. And he doesn't get hurt; hardly ever. Another thing about Roger, which is a bit depressing, really. He hasn't got a weakness. He's good in the air, he's quick on the ground, he's very agile—and he's big.

I'm not big. That's my trouble. I'll go for any ball, I've got the courage, but there's no getting away from it, it helps to be Roger's size; they can't knock you about then, they keep away from you.

So there it was. I went to Mexico not expecting to play, though, of course, you hope you'll play; otherwise it's terrible. People say to you, "Aren't you lucky? The places you see!" But it all depends how you see them. How long you're there.

We got to Mexico nearly a month before the World Cup, to acclimatize. It's high up, you can't breathe at first, and the air's so thin, the ball does funny things. One moment you're shaping to catch it easily; the next, and suddenly, it's on you. That cost me a goal in the Final; as you'll see. So this meant seven weeks away from home. Bed by ten o'clock every night. Sitting round the swimming pool in Guadalajara, at the hotel, wearing your tracksuit, watching everybody else go bathing. Playing cards, cards, cards, because there's nothing else to do. Not understanding the language. Missing your family. And on top of all that, knowing that you almost certainly won't get a game, which is the only thing that can make it all bearable.

Then, there was this trouble with the Mexicans. How it began, I don't know. They say the Boss, that's our team manager, had been a bit tactless; not giving interviews, and things. Then there was some story that they'd resented us bringing our own food. When we were first in Mexico City, acclimatizing, a little man came up to me in the street and said, "Why you have your own eggs? What is wrong with Mexican eggs?" In Guadalajara, it was worse; they'd whistle at every name on our team when it was announced on the loudspeaker in the stadium. Diabolical.

So there it was. We were in the World Cup Final, playing Brazil, who they all loved, the Mexicans, because the Brazilians had given them flags and things. We were back in Mexico City, and I was still the reserve. In fact I honestly think if you'd asked me, do you want to play in the Final, I'd have said no. I wasn't match fit. It was five weeks since I'd had a proper game, and when that happens, your reflexes go; not much, but just enough to make the difference. Especially there, in Mexico, where the ball's doing all these funny things. If Roger had played, if he'd stopped everything they threw at him, there'd have been nobody more pleased than me. But then, that's the way it goes.

The first I knew about it, the first hint, was at dinner, the evening be-



fore the match. Somebody said, "Where's Roger?" I looked, and his chair was empty. Not that you notice Roger very much, when he isn't playing; he's very quiet and a bit shy. Then someone else asked, "Where's Roger, Boss?" and the Boss, who was sitting at the top of the table in his tracksuit, looked up and said, "He's in his room." Just that, nothing more. Then somebody noticed that the doctor wasn't there, and all down this long table, everything suddenly went quiet.

The Boss just went on eating, not saying a word, and I think I really knew then what had happened, what was going to happen, because I couldn't eat any more, I pushed my plate away. A few minutes later, the doctor came down, bent over the Boss, and they started whispering together. Then the doc sat down, and the Boss looked along the table and said, "Roger Blake has a slight stomach upset. He should certainly be fit for tomorrow." Just that. Then he got up, and walked out.

Well, you can imagine what it was like then, everybody on to the doc, what was the matter with Roger, because it was the first time anything like this had happened, we'd been on these two pink pills a day ever since we'd left England. The doc said it was nothing very much, Roger thought maybe it was some ice cream he'd eaten that morning; but to me, he looked worried, and I started worrying, too. I wanted to play, and I didn't want to play. It was the biggest thing in my career, in fact in anyone's career—a World Cup Final—yet at the same time it was the most frightening. You don't want to go into any big game after a five-week layoff—and a World Cup Final, 5,000 miles away from home, that crowd, that heat, that thin air, and at 12 o'clock in the middle of the day—

I went off early to bed to avoid all the discussions, would he play or wouldn't he, and also because I knew everyone wanted him to play, not me; you couldn't blame them. But I couldn't sleep, even though I pretended I was asleep when my roommate, Jackie Graves—he plays with me at Rovers—came in. I may have got two or three hours in the end, not more, and when I woke up, I felt terrible, all nervous, as if I was being put on trial.

About eight o'clock there was a knock on the door, and again, I knew what it was going to be. It was like watching a film you'd seen before. Len Dunlop, the assistant trainer, came in and said, "The Boss wants to see you, Tony." While I was dressing, my fingers all trembling, Jackie looked up at me from the next bed and said, "Think you'll be playing, then?"

"I don't know," I said. "I don't know if I even want to."

"I'll play," he said—he's the reserve center-half. "I'll play in goal. I'd play anywhere in a World Cup Final."

I couldn't answer him, I felt so choked up. I finished dressing, went along the corridor, and knocked on the Boss's door. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, in his

tracksuit as usual, and seeing him, I felt a bit better. He always gives you confidence, he always looks after his players. He looked up at me and smiled and said, "You're playing, Tony," like it was the most natural thing you could think of. He went on talking, but I didn't hear a thing, it was like somebody had turned off a switch inside my skull. When I started hearing again, he was saying, "I'm not going to give you a lot of instructions, because I know you won't let me down. Just be alert at the free kicks. Remember how the Brazilians can swerve the ball."

Downstairs at breakfast, the boys were all very nice, wishing me luck and that. Even Roger came in, he was looking very white. He shook hands with me and said, "Don't let any in, Tony."

The bus ride to the stadium seemed to go on and on, people grinning and waving and jeering at us all the way. I sat next to Jackie and he kept on talking to me, trying to keep my mind off it, but I hardly answered, I was too tense. Every time we stopped, the Mexicans were yelling, "Brasil, Brasil!" till you wanted to open the window and throw something.

In three minutes, I'd given a goal away. Not only that, but a goal from a free kick, the very thing I'd been warned about, that we'd planned for. Not that in my opinion

I crouched on the goal line, waiting for Pelé. We might have been the last two men on earth.

it was a free kick in the first place, I thought Pelé threw himself over Reg Morton's leg, but they're good at that, the Brazilians. They play for free kicks, because they know they can exploit them.

Rivelino took it, the little, stocky chap with the moustache, and that fabulous left foot. I had eight defenders lined up in front of me in the "wall," I was standing a foot or two away from my right-hand post, the only space he had to aim at. I knew he'd "bend" it, and he did; he hit it left-footed, it curved around the outside of the wall, then it curled back again, just when I'd have given a million to one it would go outside the post. I flung myself at it, but I was just that fraction too late. I touched it, but it was really moving, and next moment, I heard the roar go up. We were one down, and it was my fault. I lay there on the ground, not wanting ever to get up.

Yet five minutes later we were level; 10

I flung myself, just as his right foot made contact. I gave that dive everything I had.

minutes, and we were ahead. Both the goals were headed, both of them came from high crosses that Felix, the Brazilian goalkeeper, didn't get to. George Kent headed the first, Sammy Durham got the second, and I felt so chuffed, I could have swung from the crossbar. The next time they got a free kick just outside the penalty box, early in the second half, Pelé took it and I saved it; I got to it full stretch and turned it round the post.

Then, six minutes from the end, it happened . . . again. We were still 2-1 ahead and the crowd was very quiet, as if they knew we'd got it sewn up. You could even hear our own supporters chanting, "England, Eng-land!"

Carlos Alberto, the Brazil right-back, came through on an overlap run, he got the ball from Jairzinho and I thought he'd center. Instead he went straight on, and he shot. To me, there was nothing to the ball, it was mine all the way. I was a couple of yards off my goal line, shaping to catch it, when suddenly it seemed to gather speed, it was on top of me, like a nightmare. All I could do as it flew over my head was throw up a hand at it, but I knew it was too late, although I touched it, again; I didn't need to hear the yell.

It was worse than the first goal. I didn't speak to anyone. I was too sick even to apologize. But in the very next minute, I was off the hook again. Charlie Lane overlapped on the right, hit a lovely low ball to the near post, and George Kent got down to it and headed it in.

And so it came to the penalty. Pelé running up to the ball, me crouching on my line, already knowing which way I'd go as soon as he hit it, taking a chance, the biggest I'd ever taken, because there was no time to do anything else, to wait until you knew where it was going. He'd take it right-footed, I was sure of that, because his right foot is his strong one, and it would go to my left, I'd decided that, too; partly through instinct, partly remembering what I'd seen him do on television.

There we were, then; him running, me crouching, and we might have been the last two people in the world. He got to the ball, his right foot drew back, and just as it made contact, I flung myself, I put everything into that dive. And as I went, in that split second after the kick, I saw I was right, it was going where I'd thought it would, going left. Next moment I'd touched it with my right hand, with my fingers, and I thought they'd break right off, the power he's got.

I fell, then, I couldn't see a thing, but I knew the ball was either just inside the post—or just outside it. There'd been no noise, it hadn't rebounded into play. Then as I lay there I could hear the crowd, one great, enormous sigh, like the sea coming in. It was the most marvelous sound I'd ever heard in my life.



At the eastern end of Suffolk County, on Long Island, protectively moated by Block Island Sound and three bays—Bostwick, Gardiner's, and Napeague—lies Gardiner's Island, pristine and primeval.

In 1639, for reasons sufficient to the Crown, Charles I of England awarded the island to Lion Gardiner, intrepid explorer, excellent engineer, and courageous commander of the fort at Saybrook, Conn. It is the only manorial grant in the New World now in existence and,

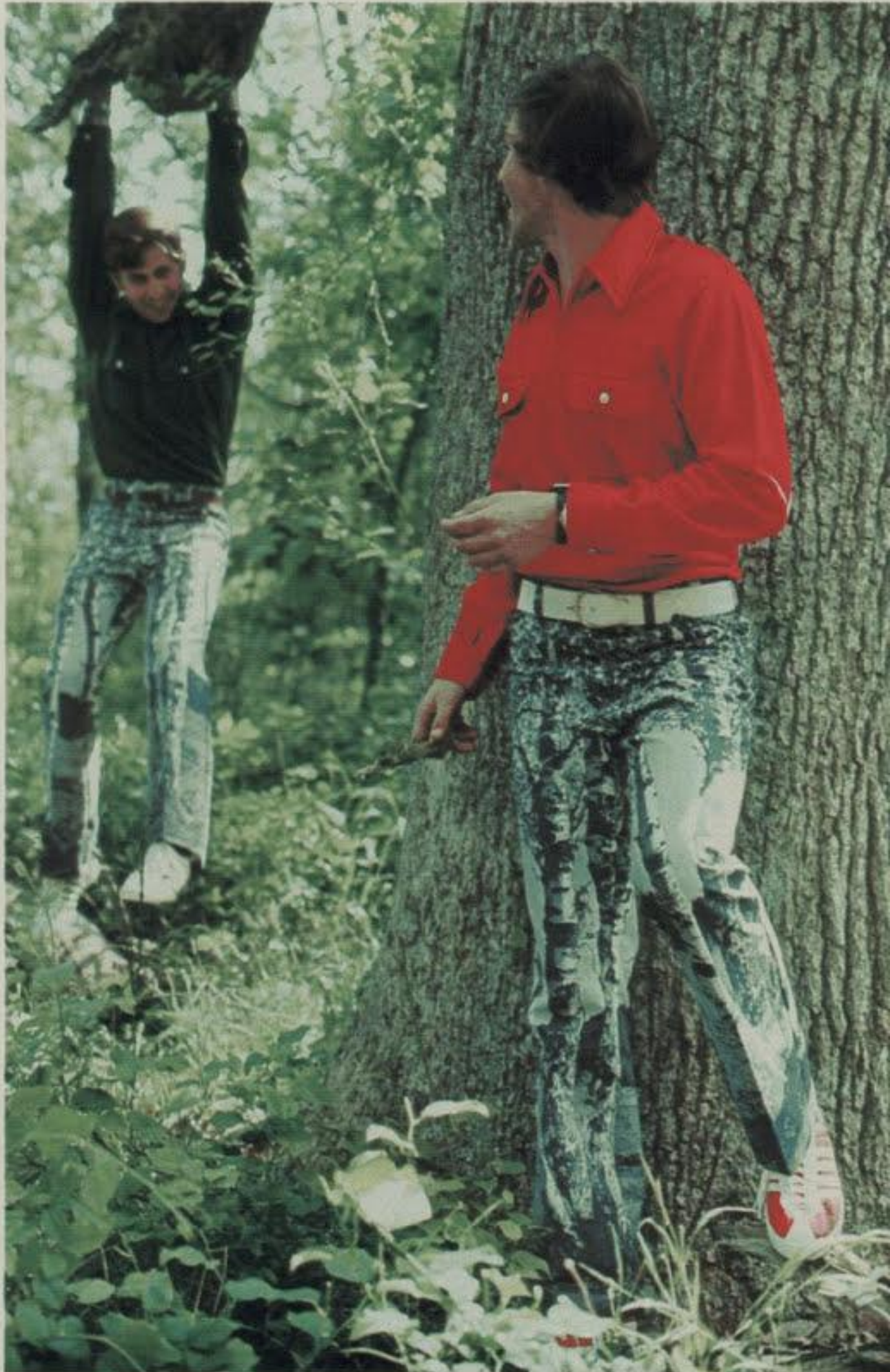
thanks to each succeeding lord of the manor, including the present one, Robert David Lion Gardiner, it survives ecologically intact.

In Bostwick Forest (below), with its 700-year-old oaks, Edward Bausman and Chris Jensen are in tune with the current ecology kick in clothes, in their birch-tree jeans by Catalina Martin. Ed chooses a forest green, Chris a berry red shirt, from Spinnaker. Both tour the forest in Goodrich's comfortable color-coordinated footwear.



Earth Clothes

By IRIS BAUER



A few steps from where Ed and Chris are standing is a marker showing where Captain Kidd buried treasure that had been seized on the high seas. He trekked it over the cliffs from the water and buried it in its hiding place here. The captain came to the island for the first time in 1697, and was entertained royally in the manor house, with a dinner of suckling pig. He later returned to bury his treasure in Cherry Hill Valley, near the Bostwick Forest. When Kidd eventually was executed, the Gardiners dug up his buried hoard and returned it to the British Crown, being permitted to keep a third. Part of the pirate's loot included "104 Golconda diamonds, 68 large and small rubies, 400 sapphires, over 600 uncut emeralds from Spanish mines, and many ecclesiastical pieces." Robert Gar-

The Gardiners, third-generation lords of their manor when Williamsburg was being built, have kept their island pretty much the way it was in the beginning. The smoke and cheese houses still stand, along with the carpenter shop, the blacksmith shop, and the bound boys' house, where the indentured servants lived during their terms of service. The kennels of Gardiner's Island retrievers still house this robust strain, especially bred for retrieving ducks and geese.

The present manor house, however, is the fourth; the third, built in 1774, burned down in 1947. Behind the house is the try-pot from the whaleship *Mary B. Gardiner*.

The birds of Gardiner's Island include the great cormorant, bald eagle, water pipit, Lapland Longspur and the Shovel-



Robert D. L. Gardiner: 16th lord of the manor on Gardiner's Island, and keeper of a heritage.



diner still wears a ring containing three hypnotic blue-white diamonds that came from "Kidd's collection" . . . and considered unmatched by connoisseurs.

If clothes are a mirror of history, young people today are reflecting a real involvement with the earth and the environment in the things that they are wearing. On this page, Ed, his back to us, muses beside a spring in Rogers Wood—his shirt, with its single rose, expressing his feelings. It's a plain blue denim shirt, from Mr. Witt, but it is obviously nature-inspired. The spring runs clear, cold and pure, and Gardiner's Island caretakers still drink from it. The island has not been touched by pesticides, pollutants, or detergents; the air is spicy with growing things, the rich earth, and tangy salt spray.

er, among a hundred species. Dr. Thomas Haresign, ornithologist and professor of biology at Southampton College, says: "Gardiner's Island, with its magnificent oak forest, coastal plain, coniferous wood, bays, beaches, ponds, and flats is an ideal place for birds." Of particular interest is the osprey, a hawk with a four- to six-foot wingspread, which soars overhead everywhere on the island. Ospreys return every year to the same nests, which have been known to weigh up to a ton. Ospreys are declining elsewhere because of the use of DDT, which builds up in their food chain. It was on Gardiner's Island that Audubon sketched this bird.

There has never been a more ecologically-oriented outfit than the army's camouflage suit, which ➔

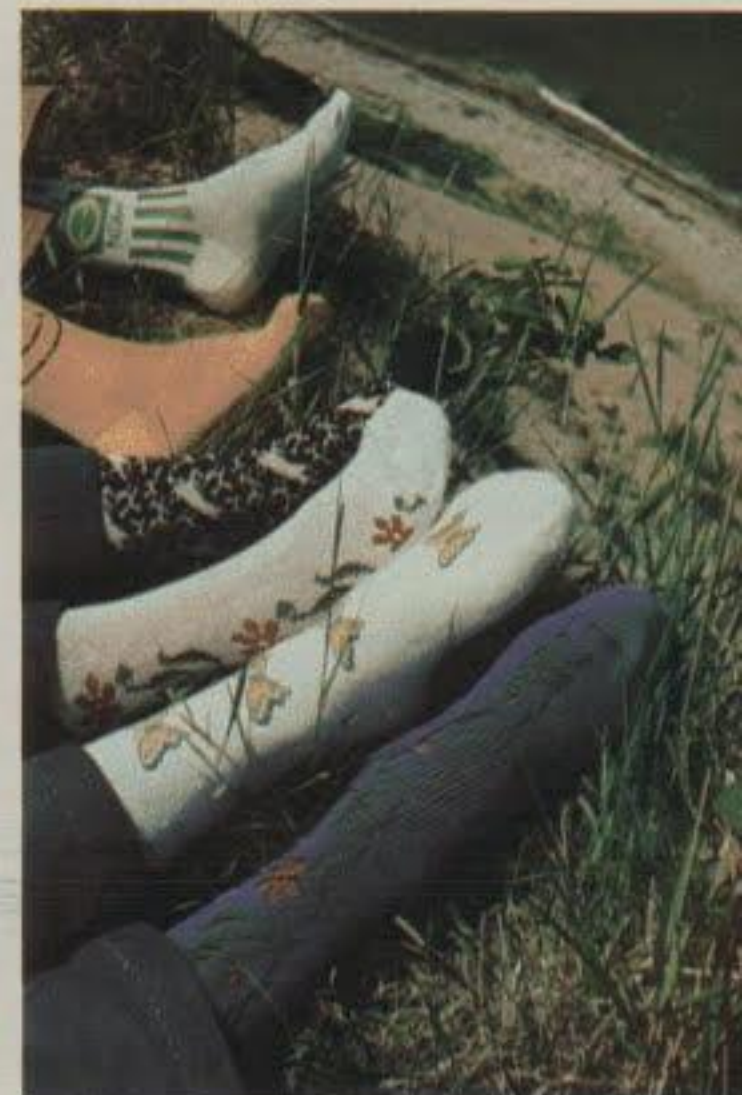


was designed originally to blend undetected with woods and countryside. Currently it is appealing to young men who are in harmony with the outdoors, and who also like the idea of a uniform for strictly non-combat purposes. It's a bit of a put-on that has not escaped the clothing establishment. These outfits, from Mr. Wrangler, leave even the birds unalarmed, and are particularly adaptable to bird-watching. The official BSA pack on Ed Bauman's back contains nothing more lethal than a few sandwiches, soda, and mosquito repellent, since the island is not sprayed. Ed's grass-green rubber boots and Jim Hornbeck's earth-color laced boots are manufactured by B.F. Goodrich.

High on a hill, outlined against the sky, stands a windmill, the first land-

mark to be seen as one approaches the island. It dates from 1795 and has lasted through the years, a true piece of Americana. All the mill's fittings were handmade by the islanders, who used impervious oak. The blacksmith fashioned his own nails, and they, too, have endured. All gears and sprockets are of oak; straps were made from hides of island cattle and were used to harness the mill's power for turning looms. On the grassy slope in front of the mill, Chris shows off his blueberry and cranberry color tie-and-dye slacks, from Mr. Wrangler, which he blends with Strobe's corn-pattern shirt. Jim Hornbeck wears Peter Max's cinnamon, vanilla, and lemon pants, with Himalaya's reindeer sweater.

Early Gardiners had interests in both the whaling industry and the clipper



trade. Whale Hill, a 120-foot cliff, looks over Block Island Sound, Fisher's Island, and Montauk Point. Here was the site of a beacon for whaling vessels returning from 2½-year expeditions, and for the great clippers. Today deer, pheasant, quail, and wild turkey pass this way, unafraid.

Here, too, are abandoned World War II military installations, their implications blunted by nature's soft vines and leaves.

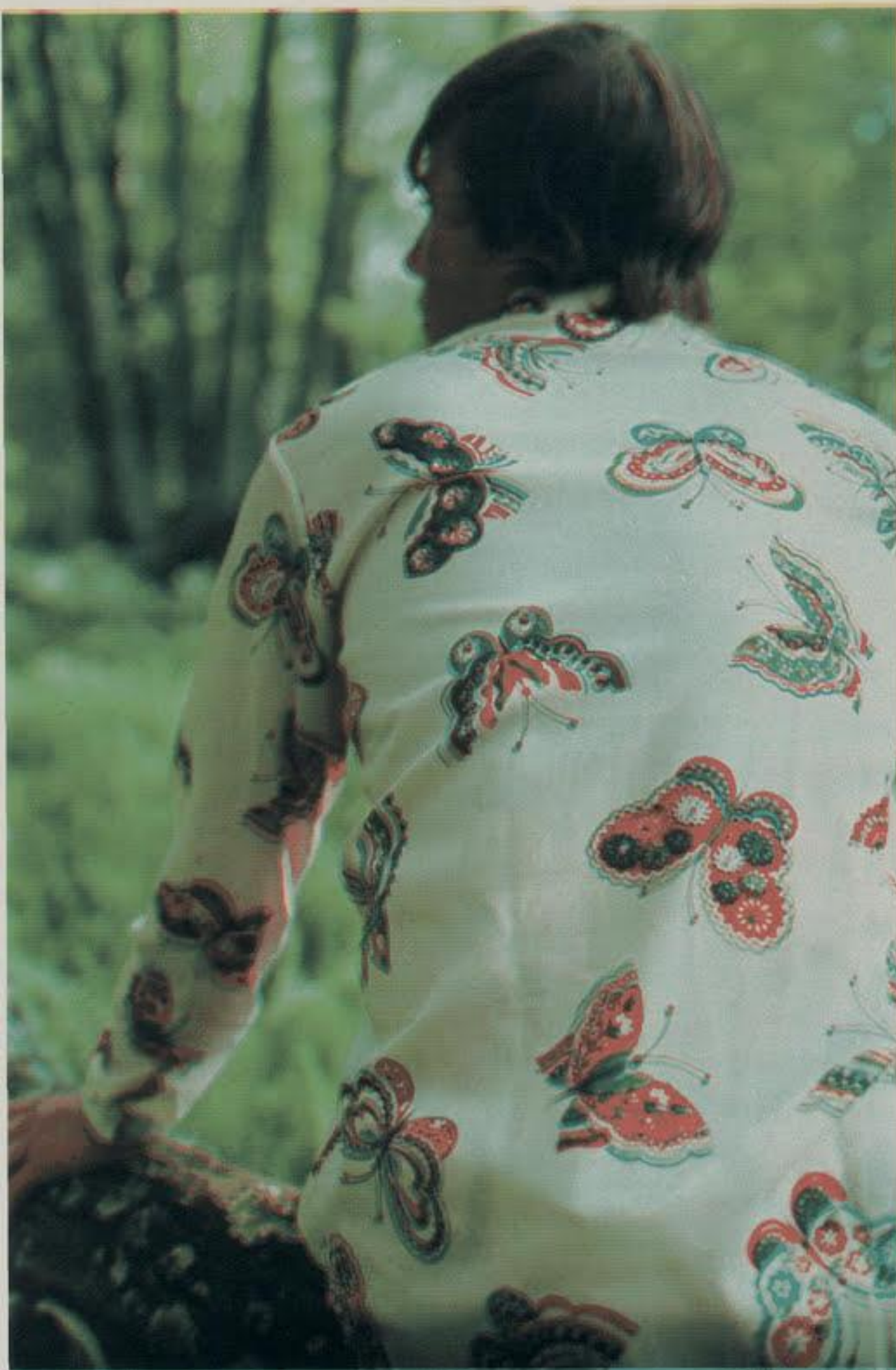
Posed on the edge of the cliff are socks that tell a story of our growing harmony with nature: They are patterned in flowers, butterflies, reindeer; in symbols concerned with a longing for peace. All of this footwear is from Interwoven.

No account of the 1600's is complete

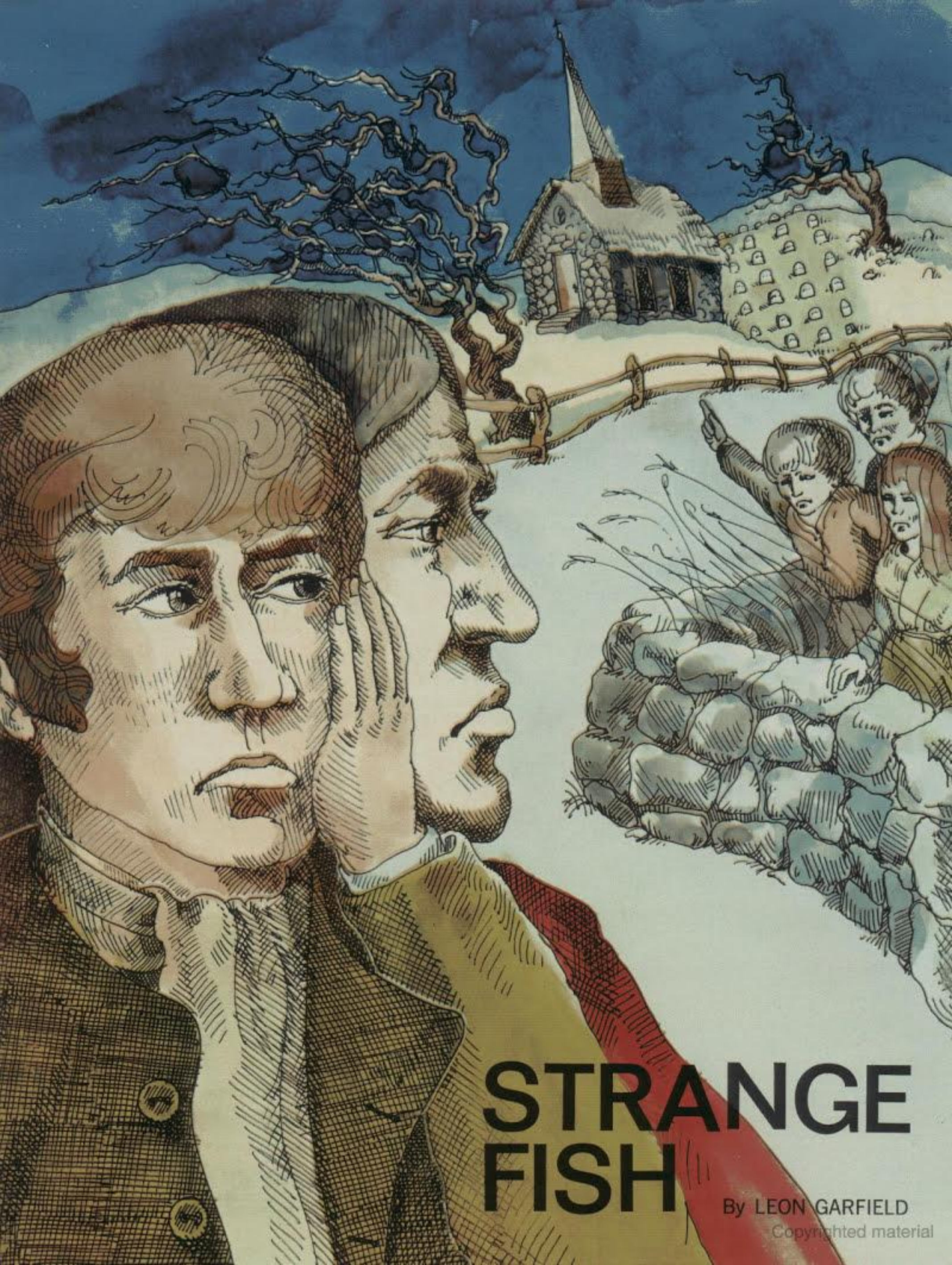
without a witch. Goodwife Garlick was the first woman accused of witchcraft on Long Island, in 1658. Proof of her familiarity with Satan failed to materialize, and she was given a small cottage on his island by lion-hearted Lion Gardiner, who feared neither man nor witch.

In contrast to that memory of persecution is this gentle fern glade, where Chris has elected to commune with nature in a butterfly-motif shirt by Strobe.

Photos by ANTHONY BARBOZA



If you can't find these clothes locally, we can help you. Write to: Reader Service, BOYS' LIFE, 271 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016. Clothes are not available through BOYS' LIFE.



STRANGE FISH

By LEON GARFIELD

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An air of reproach seemed to hang over the silent village as the man and boy walked its narrow, twisting street, searching for a sign of welcome

The signpost's battered finger pointed toward the sea as if it were accusing it of something disagreeable. A man and youth, breathing heavily from the effort of walking over rough ground, stared at it in silence.

"What do it say?" asked the man at length. The youth squinted up. He was about 15, sturdy and with humorous eyes already well crinkled by sun and sea. "One mile to somewhere, Pa," he said. "All that's left is Saint, but Saint what, the Lord knows. It's gone with the weather."

The man grunted and clapped his great roughened hand about his son's shoulder as if congratulating him on his scholarship. Then they trudged on through the cold November sunshine to the village that had lost its name.

It lay in the crook of a narrow bay—a quiet huddle of stone cottages with an old church standing a little way apart as if it had taken offense, perhaps on account of the forgotten saint. Indeed, the air of reproach seemed to hang pretty heavily over the whole village and even over the bay where the bright sea sighed and dragged as if it longed to take itself elsewhere. There was only one boat on the beach and no nets to be seen, but this was not surprising, as the weather was fair.

The father and son halted again and stared out to sea for a glimpse of fishermen, but the lowering late-afternoon sun was bright on the water and no amount of eyeshading or squinting could distinguish anything for certain, so they continued down the rough path that dropped away between tufted hill-ocks that here and there rose shoulder-high. Suddenly the youth clutched the side of his face and gave a cry of anger and pain.

"What is it, Sammy? Fly?"

"Stone, Pa. Someone threw a stone."

He scrambled up the bank with his father following and saw—crouching in the long grass some five yards off—the first signs of life from the quiet village. Three children, supernaturally ragged and dirty. They were about 10 years old, one boy and two girls, but which of them had thrown the stone was impossible to say. They all looked as savage and hostile as each other—and as little likely to own up.

"Where's your pa?" asked Sam, rubbing his cheek and scowling threateningly. The boy stood up and pointed toward the church. "And yours?" he asked the girls, who appeared to be no relation. They glanced at their compan-

ion and climbed to their feet. They too pointed toward the church.

"It ain't Sunday, is it, Sammy?" asked his father, who'd lost count of days during their journey across country. Sam turned to answer that, to the best of his belief, it was a Tuesday, when the three venomous children took advantage of the distraction and fled, not having uttered a single word. Indeed, they might have been three malignant spirits who'd vanished silently into the air.

Nonetheless the man and youth turned their steps toward the church, though with no great hopes of finding the children's fathers. And, sure enough, empty pews gazed at the empty altar. The church was deserted.

Puzzled and angry, they went outside again, resolved to knock at the nearest cottage, when Sam pointed to the churchyard that lay beyond the church's western wall. Aged stones leaned amid the tall grass, peering and peeping as if striving to read each other's inscriptions and see who lay where, and when they'd come. But beyond this tumbled, crumbling part was another, very orderly and green.

Curiously the father and son walked toward it, for it was an odd, almost uncanny sight—the graves being so neatly laid, as if a small regiment had perished on parade and been buried where they'd stood.

"What do they say, Sammy?" muttered his father. "You know I come without me spectacles, lad."

Sam nodded. Though his father had a pair of spectacles, they were more of a personal ornament than anything else, as he was quite unable to read. It was a weakness never admitted to his wife or son (though they knew it perfectly well), not because he was ashamed but because he was the head of the house and it was against nature for a woman or a boy to be more proficient than he.

"Jacob Tulliver," read Sam from the nearest stone. "Taken November 7, 1749. Rest in Peace."

"Only a year in his grave," murmured Sam's father. "And the grass as thick as a cushion on him."

"John Blazey," continued Sam, from the next stone. "Taken November 7, 1749. Rest in Peace." He frowned, then moved on. "Ezra Till. Taken November 7, 1749. Rest in Peace."

"What? Three of 'em on the same day? Sure you read 'em right, lad?"

So Sam went on and read the names on all the graves—of which there were three and forty—and every man who lay beneath had been taken on that same day of that same year.

A chill crept over the boy as he stared

at the quiet grass and the quiet stones. "Must have been a storm or something," he whispered.

"Or something," repeated his father.

"Plague, maybe?"

"What plague takes only menfolk—and all on the same day? Use your wits, lad."

"Storm, then, Pa."

"And what storm to reach out and hook 'em all together?"

"Let's find the inn, Pa, and ask the landlord."

They left the churchyard and walked through the narrow street that twisted among the cottages with many a sharp angle and hiding place for shadows. Sometimes women's faces peered out from low windows as they passed, but they looked no more welcoming than had the three fierce children. Being Cornish, they were as sharp and hard as the rocks of their dangerous coast.

At last Job and his son reached the inn, which was the cottage farthest off from the church and had a post outside with a swinging sign of a ship. They pushed open the door and entered directly into the tiny parlor. Ignoring the landlord and his solitary customer, Job made straight for the list of prices that hung in a frame behind the door. "Read me what it says, lad. Left me spectacles at home."

Sam, feeling the landlord's eyes on him, blushed awkwardly, but obliged his father.

"We ain't robbers, stranger," grinned the landlord, not so much to Job as to his scowling customers. "Constable here'll see you ain't done down."

The landlord was a short, red-faced man with a remarkably merry expression, like a nutcracker carved out of a very hard wood and varnished to a high gloss. The constable, on the other hand, was still in a state of nature, so to speak, having a pale, unseasoned complexion with no shine at all save at the tip of his nose, which was faintly red as if coloring had been begun and then abandoned as a waste.

"No fish?" said Job, when his son came to the last item on the list, which was mutton chops.

"No fish," confirmed the landlord, nodding his varnished head.

"What becomes of it when it's brought in?"

"Never is, stranger. Never is brought in."

"Then what do your menfolk do hereabouts?"

"What menfolk, stranger? Have you seen any, maybe?"

"Ain't they out in their boats on this fine day?"

The children seemed supernaturally ragged and dirty. "Where's your pa?" asked Sam.

"Yes indeed," said the constable, suddenly coming out of his mug of broth and setting it down so sharply that the landlord started and stared to see if it had cracked. "They're out in their boats, all right. Every last one of them. But their boats are long and narrow, each with a lid screwed down tight. And the sea they sail is churchyard earth, with a breaker above of cold, gray stone. This is a village of widows, my friends. This is a village that has been damned."

The constable took up his soup again, then drank it down with a rush. "They went to hell together, November 7, 1749."

"Heaven, stranger. Take my word on it," interposed the cheerful landlord. "They went in a state of grace, but constable here's fond of his fire and brimstone."

"This is a damned village. Even the sea hates it now," went on the constable, a righteous fire in his faded eyes. "You'd both be well advised to move on elsewhere."

Job shrugged his shoulders and then, in answer to the landlord's inquiry, explained that he and his son were fishermen from the north, but the fish had shifted from their waters so they'd traveled overland in the hope of finding a better livelihood in the south. The landlord listened with interest and declared that fish had always been plentiful just beyond the bay, and, further, that a widow of his acquaintance owned a capable craft that she'd be willing to rent or sell, if the price proved right.

"Don't listen to him, friends," warned the constable grimly. "Better to starve elsewhere than go out from this accursed spot into this accursed sea. At nighttime you can hear it, beating on the shore and cursing it for all eternity."

"What for?" asked Sam, uneasily.

"Murder, friend. Foul and hateful murder. When the landlord said fish are plentiful hereabouts, he spoke the truth. No one ever caught them. The sea had a richer harvest. Ships. This was a village of wreckers, my friends."

Illustrated by ISADORE SELTZER

There was silence in the little parlor. The landlord had gone to fetch their meal, and the fire danced and spat in the hearth as if in defense of his good name.

"Vessel after vessel they brought onto the rocks with lanterns swung from the headland. And whenever it happened that some poor wretch gained the shore, frantic with relief, they'd murder him as if he'd been no more than a twisting fish. If he wore rings, they'd strip his fingers before they threw him back into the sea..."

The constable stopped as the landlord returned with his unchanging smile. "Now, now," he said, setting the dishes before Job and his son, "I don't hold with speaking against the dead. None of us is perfect, and our departed friends may have had their faults. But they went like martyrs and it's certain they went to heaven together. Whatever they might have done in the past was washed away on that night last year. Judge for yourselves, strangers," he went on, prodding the fire with his bright boot as if bidding it hold its peace while he talked of the dead. "Judge for yourselves, and then say honestly whether them three and forty in the graveyard was redeemed or went to roast in hell."

"THERE WAS MAYBE A DOZEN OF US in the parlor that evening. Jacob Tulliver, God rest him, was sitting right where you are, lad." Hastily, Sam shifted along the bench, and the landlord nodded approvingly, as if he respected Sam's courtesy to a ghost. "Some of us was playing skittles, and there was dominoes on the table in a long, spotted line. There was no talk of going up on the headland that night, as the weather was calm and fair... even as it's been today. So what came to pass was a real act of God, sent to test 'em all. And they came through in glory!"

Here the landlord stared blandly at the constable as if daring him to contradict, but he contented himself with a shrug, so the landlord went on with his

calling up of the churchyard sleepers on that fair, calm evening of November 7.

"It had grown pretty late; the sun had been down some while and there'd fallen on the parlor one of those queer silences that seem to come at 20 past or 20 to the hour. Some say it's on account of an angel flying overhead. Indeed, Ezra Till made that very observation, so Jacob Tulliver, with a great, greasy grin, said he'd nip outside and wave to the high-flying gentleman. He got up and, being a big man, knocked over a mug on his way to the door."

Quite caught up in the tale, Sam moved aside—then grinned sheepishly.

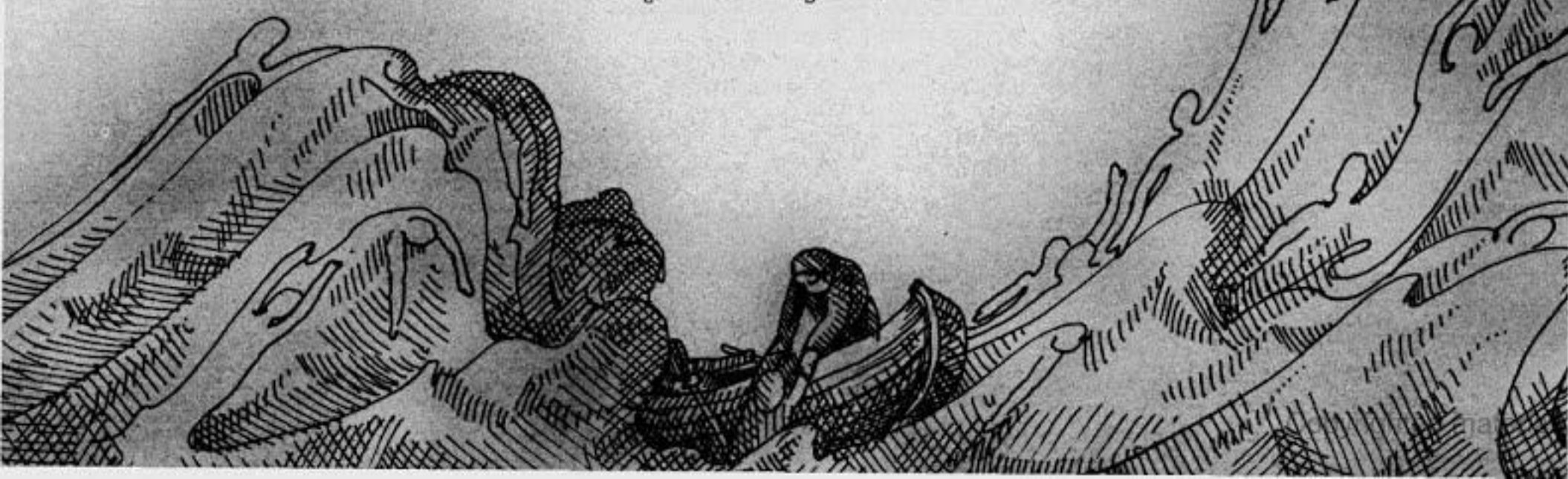
"Jacob Tulliver was outside for maybe half a minute," went on the landlord, staring at the door with a smile that was not so much varnished as frozen. "When he came back, he burst in with a great commotion. 'A ship, a ship!' he shouted. 'There's a big ship caught on the rocks! It's done for, I think!'"

"We all rushed out, and I remember half the dominoes went flying into the fire. Sure enough, Jacob was right. There was a real monster of a vessel at the end of the bay. She was very high in the poop, like them Spanish or Dutch craft, and she seemed to be hooked for'ard on the rocks, for her stern kept coming round. She was under full sail so it must just have happened... though what balmy helmsman could have brought her there from out of a calm sea was a mystery."

"Then we heard a shouting far off—a shouting for help—and great booming thumps as her timbers kept striking on stone. We stood watching for I don't know how long, maybe five minutes, maybe more. The women had come out and the children, too, for the night was that clear, we could almost make out her name. It was Santa something... but it looked like the sea and the weather had washed out the rest."

"Then Ezra Till said, quite sudden, that there was a squall coming up. The wind freshened, and a parcel of stars was doused. A shadow, like a great hand,

Father and son strained at their oars as the huge vessel swung about with a roar.



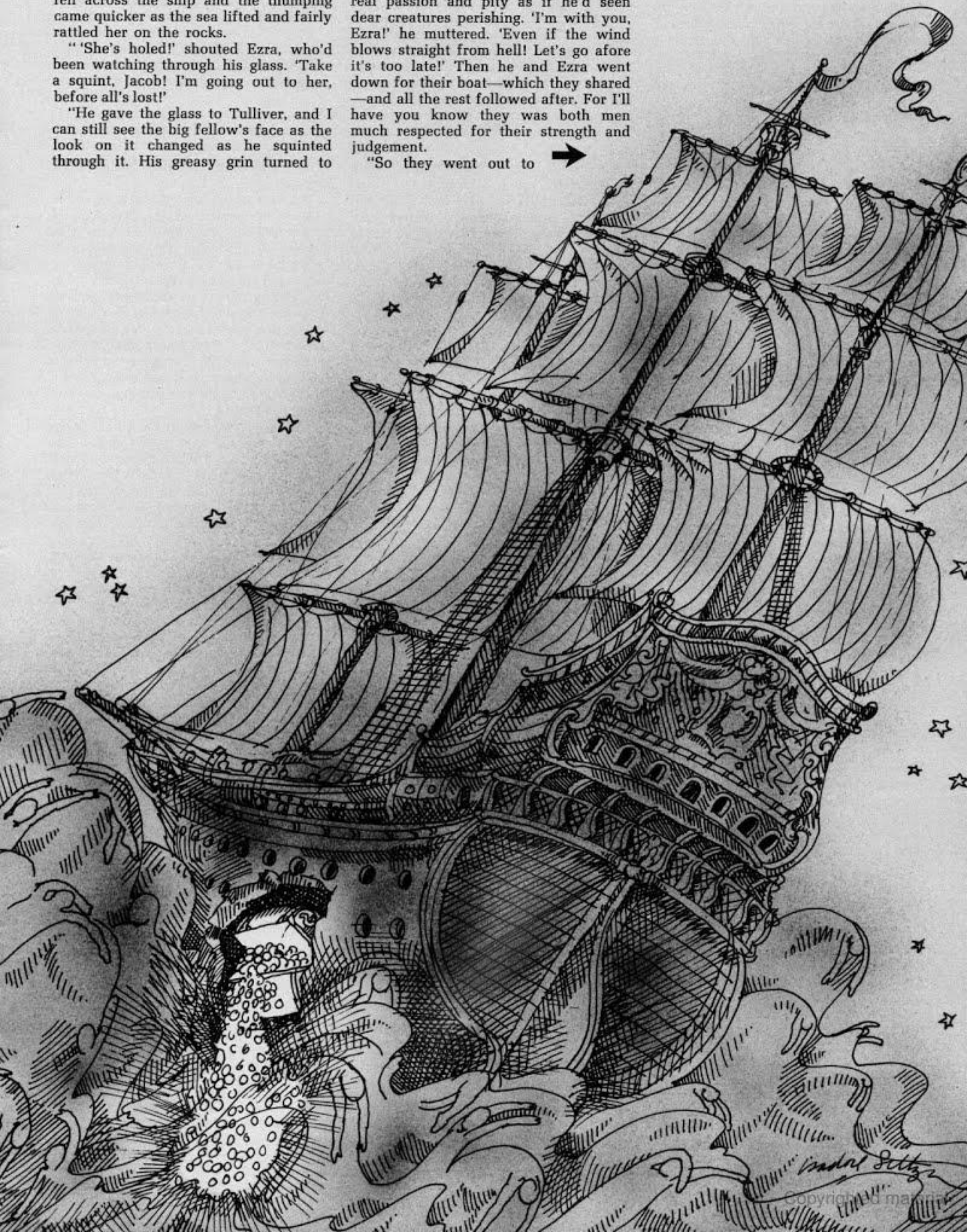
fell across the ship and the thumping came quicker as the sea lifted and fairly rattled her on the rocks.

"'She's holed!' shouted Ezra, who'd been watching through his glass. 'Take a squint, Jacob! I'm going out to her, before all's lost!'

"He gave the glass to Tulliver, and I can still see the big fellow's face as the look on it changed as he squinted through it. His greasy grin turned to

real passion and pity as if he'd seen dear creatures perishing. 'I'm with you, Ezra!' he muttered. 'Even if the wind blows straight from hell! Let's go afore it's too late!' Then he and Ezra went down for their boat—which they shared—and all the rest followed after. For I'll have you know they was both men much respected for their strength and judgement.

"So they went out to



that holed ship on the rocks, and the wind blew like an iron fist and fair hammered the sea in the bay. But it never stopped them, and on they went, hopping over the waves till they was lost from sight in the dark and spray and a ragbag of mist the wind had blown in."

The landlord paused and shivered as if the sight were still before his eyes. "It weren't till next morning that they came back, and then it was one by one. They came floating, drifting on the tide . . . face down, face up. They'd been smashed on the rocks and drowned. Every last one of them. They'd given their lives for that there vessel that cried for help."

The landlord paused again and stared into the fire that gleamed on his bright cheeks, glazing them with a deeper red. "Judge for yourselves, strangers, whether they wasn't redeemed by their last acts?"

Before Job and his son could answer, the constable spoke quietly. "That was no ordinary ship on the rocks, friends. Neither stitch nor spar of it was ever found. Nor did any bodies come ashore, save our own three and forty."

"It must have got off the rocks and sailed away," said the landlord. "Tides and currents have done queerer things."

"It was holed. It couldn't have stayed afloat five minutes in that sea," said the constable. But the landlord shrugged his stout shoulders and said that whatever became of it was of no consequence. "Till and Tulliver had seen something so piteous through the glass that all evil had left them in compassion for it. Thus they perished in a state of grace——"

"They went to hell, and it was the devil who came to fetch them."

"Then why did they go so eagerly?"

"Who knows what Till and Tulliver saw through their glass?"

"Then give 'em the benefit, constable——"

Thus they argued and pleaded the case for the souls of the three and forty—the constable prosecuting and the landlord defending. Little by little the light faded from the sky, and still they argued, neither of them yielding an inch and becoming more and more passionate—as must always happen when there is no evidence beyond hearsay and belief. For none knew what had been seen through the glass that had made three and forty murdering wreckers strike out into the storm and stay in it till the sea cast them back, cold and dead.

"Judge for yourselves, strangers," repeated the landlord at length, the smile gone from his face and leaving only the shine behind, "for it's a year ago tonight that they went." He paused and peered from constable to strangers and then to the fire. A silence fell over the parlor in which the ticking of the mantel clock grew loud. The time was 20 after eight. "An angel's flying overhead," murmured Sam, when of a sudden, there came

another sound . . . a distant booming.

All looked to each other in bewilderment. Then Job got to his feet and made for the door, upsetting a mug as he did so. A moment later he was back. His heavy face was frowning in alarm. "A ship," he muttered. "There's a ship out in the bay. She's caught on the rocks!"

SHE WAS A LARGE VESSEL, built high in the poop, more Spanish than Dutch, with much gilding that glinted in the starlight. She was under full sail and the huge canvases leaped and cracked at the yards. The dull booming came as her stern kept swinging round and hammering the underwater rocks, for she was caught under her prow . . .

"It's the same ship!" whispered the constable, gray with terror.

"No!" cried the landlord, polishing his forehead with his sleeve as if he felt the varnish cracking. "It's like, I grant, but it ain't the same. It's higher in the poop. It ain't the same vessel. It can't be!"

"Well, whatever it is, we'd best get out to it," said Job abruptly, peering at the dark sky. "There's a squall coming up, I fancy."

"The same . . . the same . . ." breathed the constable as a dark shadow brushed

Who was to say to which world the vessel belonged?

across the weird ship at the mouth of the bay.

"You said there was a boat," said Job to the landlord. "Quick, man, let's go before it's too late!"

But there was no crew for the boat save village widows, protested the landlord, and the constable supported him, making it as plain as need be that they'd not abandon dry land to go and rescue phantoms from the coming storm.

For the storm was now approaching rapidly. The stars had been put out and the wind had increased so that the distant booming of the ship striking on the rock grew more frequent. Faint cries also came in on the wind, and then a sharper, wilder sound.

"She's holed," muttered Job. "Did you hear the timbers go, Sammy?"

"You and me, Pa," said Sam with a grin at his father that spoke of a fondness and humor that was fathoms deep. "We're crew enough!"

THE LITTLE BOAT rode the great waves with marvelous certainty as the father and son pulled through the dangerous sea with unbounded confidence in each other's strength and skill. They could see only a short way ahead, for the spray

Incredulous, the constable and the landlord ran out to greet the returned pair.

sent up when the bow stuck the waves hung like a gray and silver curtain screening the recesses of the night. Their chief guide was the dreadful booming of the distressed vessel, growing ever louder until at last it beat in the darkness like the gigantic heart of the sea itself.

"Give a shout, Sammy!" the father directed.

The boy rested his oar and cupped his hand to his mouth. "Ahoy, there! Stand by for Wilkins and Son!" And, as if in answer to his call, the stricken ship loomed out of the turbulent darkness, vague and enormous. Water rushed down the rattling sails in cataracts and poured from the shrouds and yards. She rocked and swung with a mighty roar, like some tremendous carved beast caught in a merciless trap. There was a great hole in her side where a rock had stove her in. But nowhere could Job and Sam see any living souls.

The boy peered up at the gilded poop. "Santa——Santa—— Can't make out any more . . ." Then his blood turned chilly as he added, "Name's gone with the weather, Pa, like on the signpost."

"Ahoy there!" shouted Job. "Come out and be saved! We ain't here for our health!"

"Pa! Pa! Look in the hole! For the love of mercy, look!"

Then Job saw what Sam had seen, and his jaw fell open, letting in the sea. The hole was amidships and almost on the water line. It yawned like a ragged mouth, and several chests, which had slipped their moorings, slid back and forth within it like dim, broken teeth. One of them had been smashed, and out of it there ran a stream of golden coins dribbled into the greedy sea.

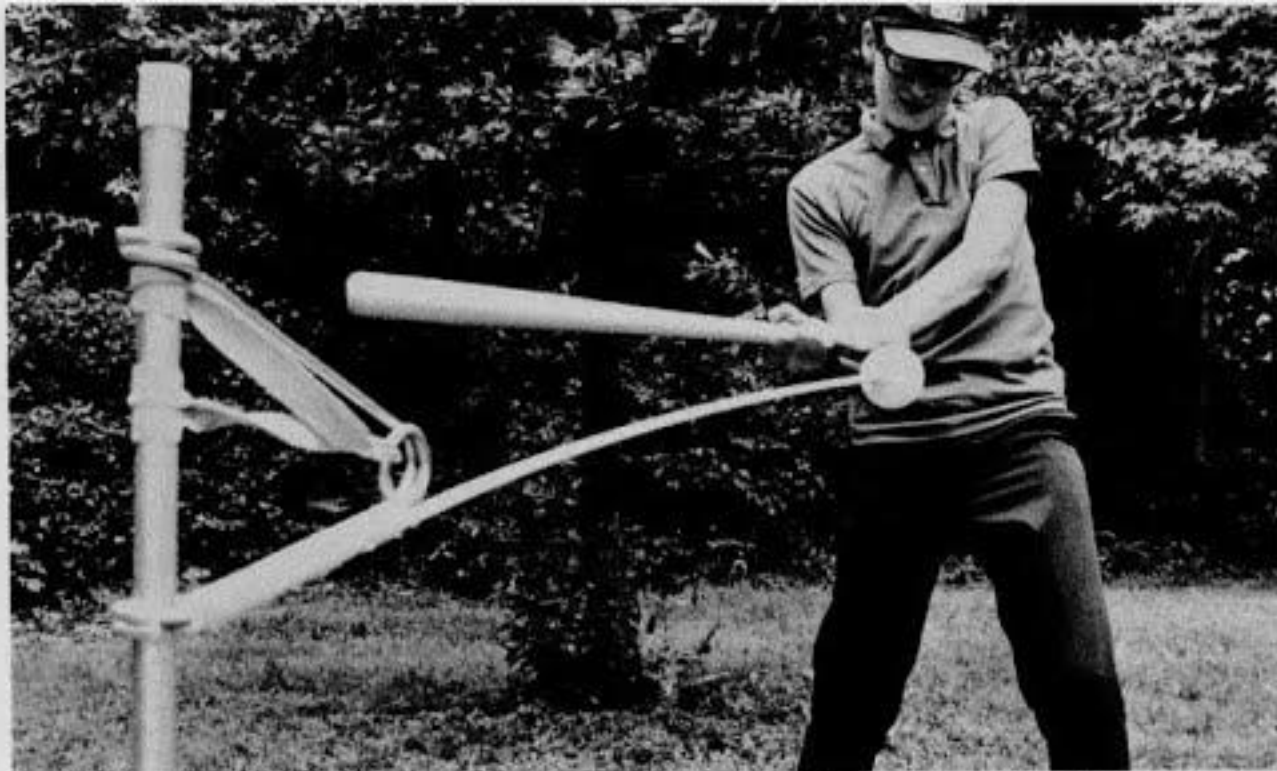
"Set us up for life, Pa!" shouted Sam, and pulled on his oar till their boat swung round to approach the leaking gold.

Then, suddenly, there came a faint cry from the darkness to their left. The father and son, poised to go in and make their fortunes, turned and stared. Briefly they glimpsed a spar, leaping and dipping as it floated in the water. A hand was waving.

"Here we go, Sammy." The boat swung as Wilkins and Son, with one accord, made for the spar. As they did so, the sea drew back from the path they might have taken and revealed a row of rocks with edges like knives. They would have been ripped in two.

They reached the spar. Four men were clinging to it. Their faces were white as bone. "Care for a trip?" grinned Sam, and reached out to heave them aboard. They looked bitterly cold. Their eyes were open, but seemed sightless, for an oily film lay across them. Their mouths were gaping, but no words or even breath seemed to issue from them. They flopped (Continued on page 57) ➔





Keep your eye on the ball until you see the bat hit it. Set up the gadget called BATTER UP, then step up and swing away as the ball comes curving into your strike zone. It is a plastic ball on the end of this long rod, but you can sharpen your batting eye with practice and more practice.

Batting tees are standard equipment at spring baseball schools in Florida, and here is one especially suited to Little Leaguer swinging. The Pete Rose Big Hit Batting Tee can be set up in your own backyard for plastic balls or on a big field for teeing up regulation baseballs.



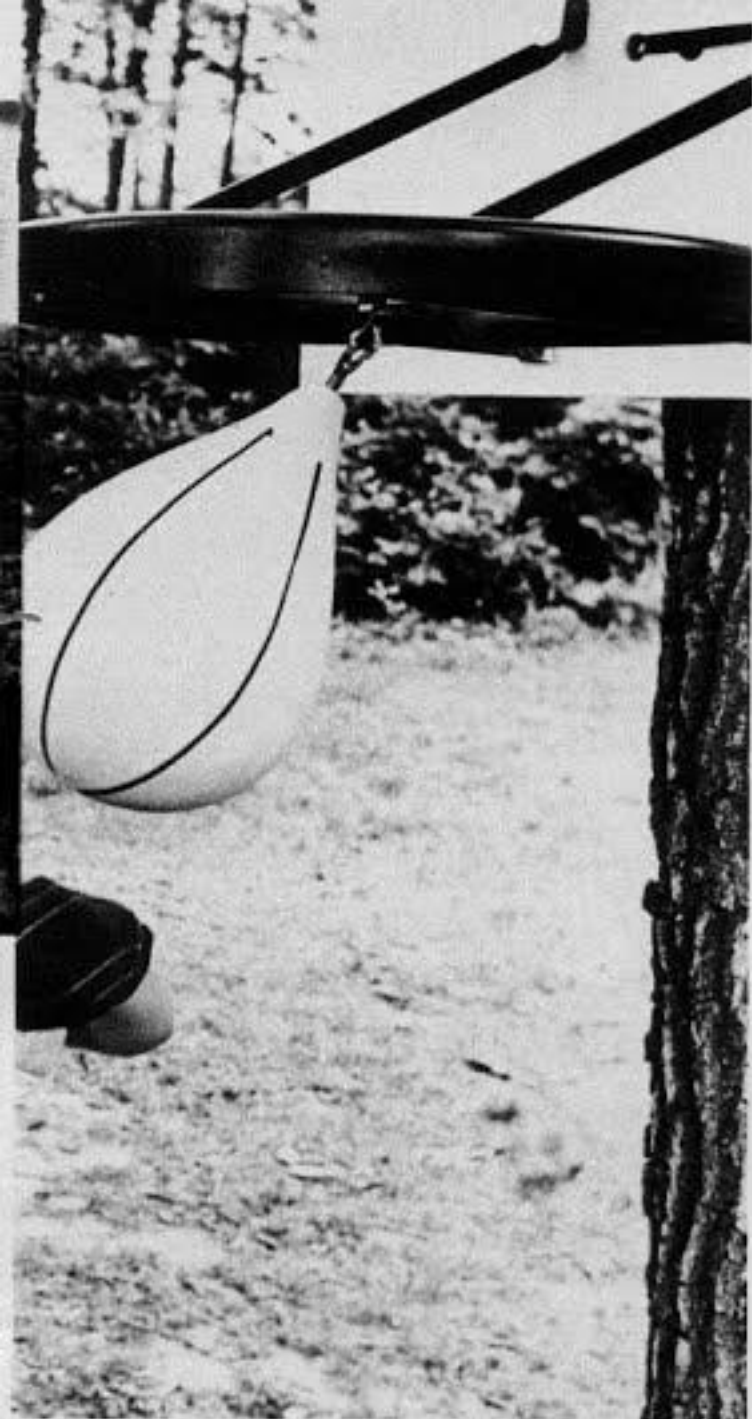
Time Out for Sports

Where does a sports star get his skills? What is the formula for winning honors? It's simple—you earn them. And to earn something, you work. If you want to be a winner, expect to work. Know that getting to be good often means doing drills without the stimulation and excitement of actual competition. You'll need determination and spirit to follow any training program that you lay out.

Fortunately, there are ways to drain some of the strain and add to the fun. Much of a young athlete's practice can be done right at home. You can improvise equipment that enables you to work out alone, but it is best to use equipment as close to regulation as possible.

Suppose that your big sports thing is baseball. Throwing, catching, baserunning, and hitting are the big four skills there. All of them can be practiced alone.

Unless you are a pitcher, about half of your practice time should be devoted to hitting. Big-leaguers spend hundreds of



Platform, bag and mitts are all included in the Roberts Overhead Punching Bag Outfit for helping you develop timing and coordination between hand and eye in speed bag punching.

By STANLEY PASHKO

hours every year working to keep their batting eyes sharp. You'll have to work hard just to get some of that sharpness. How can you begin?

Well, the baseball schools in Florida use pitching machines and batting tees to help train young ballplayers.

There is a fine pitching machine made by Trius Products, but it is too expensive for boys. It cannonades the ball in over the strike zone at speeds comparable to those of big-time moundsmen. A good substitute for younger hitters is "Batter Up" made by the Olos Corporaton. This is wound up to set the big arm in motion. You swing away as the ball comes curving into the strike zone with enough variables in its arc to test your batting eye. The ball is plastic and lightweight so your hits won't break anything. It can be used indoors or out, in limited-space areas, and you can keep your eye sharp year-round.

All ballplayers know that Adirondack Industries makes base-



A swing ring, like this Adirondack model, is used by most professional ballplayers during their pre-batting warm-up swings when they are on deck and awaiting their turn at the plate. Hefting this weighted bat somehow makes your regular swings seem much easier and smoother.

This tennis ball is not attached to the racket; it is anchored by a long rubber band to the secure weight in the foreground. Bancroft, a supplier of equipment for almost all paddle or racket games, makes this Tretern Tennis Trainer. No nets or backboard needed for solo practice.



ball bats. But the company also makes other gear to help hitters. For example, the Adirondack Swing Ring adds weight to the end of your bat during those warm-up, pre-batting swings—and you don't have to distort your grip by hanging on to two or three bats at the same time. The heavy ring on the meat end of the bat adds the extra resistance you need to make your bat seem light when you step up for your regular cuts.

Adirondack also has the Pete Rose Big Hit Batting Tee for use in your own backyard or on the ball field. With it you can tee up regulation balls or plastic ones to help you groove your swing at a stationary target.

Incidentally, pick a bat that feels good in your hands. Don't select a model simply because it has your favorite player's name on it. What is right for him may be all wrong for you—especially if he is a powerhouse and you are not yet big league in size or age.

Get a good glove, the best you can afford. A good one will serve you for many years and will help you improve your fielding at once. Choose one that is comfortable and big enough to hold the ball even when it is not perfectly caught. There are many fine makes, and you will hardly go wrong with any of the big names: Spalding, Wilson, Rawlings, MacGregor, and so on. MacGregor, inciden-

tally, has a new gimmick that seems to be catching on—a line of distinctively colored leather gloves. The red one is particularly eye-catching.

Bats, too, are now available in bright colors. But the baseball high command has forbidden striped bats, on the ground that they would confuse the pitcher and make batted balls a hazard to him. Similarly, checkered, spotted, or otherwise camouflaged gloves are denied the pitcher because the batter would have difficulty separating the ball from the glove during the delivery motion.

Gloves are for catching, and you can get useful solo practice by using the bounce-back nets, called "pitch-back" nets by some manufacturers. The Warrior Sports Nets Company, in Alabama, makes four models; others are available through sporting goods stores and mail-order houses, such as Sears. A thrown ball rebounds to you so that you can develop pitching and fielding skills.

You also can improve your table tennis game with a similar development in that sport. A Bat Back Table can be set up as a separate singles practice table or as part of a regular table that can be specially rigged for solo play. You hit at the backstop wall and keep playing your own rebounds. Angling the backstop properly will control the types of shots you return: high bouncers, low liners, etc.



A glove is for catching, and this sporty red leather mitt, by MacGregor, is an eye-catcher as well as a ball-catcher. The color is an added attraction to a well-designed product.

It's sight-in time...

NATIONAL



Stretch all your muscles with this pull-spring chest exerciser. It is adaptable for use with many calisthenic drills for building up different parts of your body, and make-believe rowing.

Regular tennis also has something for the lonesome athlete. The Tretorn Tennis Trainer, put out by the Bancroft Sporting Goods Company, is one of the best of its type. It is a great way to get the feel of your racket for solid, firm hitting, and you can practice winter or summer in a garage, driveway, or large playroom.

Basketball is a game that lends itself to individual practice sessions. All you need is the ball and a basket with a good backboard. A regulation basketball is not very expensive. Baskets and backboards are available at most sporting goods counters and at all the big mail-order houses. And it's a good idea to wear good-quality basketball shoes—and proper footwear for any sport.

Try not to dawdle over passes or shots during practice. Your passes always should be your best, even during a workout. Get your shots off crisply; you will not have time for much deliberate aiming in a game.

Every sport has its own special training schedule, but walking, calisthenics, and chinning the bar are fundamental exercises for all athletes. This is where some kind of body-building gym gear comes in handy. Among many manufacturers of such equipment is the Whitely Division of AMF. Their GB2 Family Fitness Kit has a bar that can be set up easily in the doorway of your den, and a

pull-spring chest exerciser that is adaptable for exercising most muscles of the body and also can be used to simulate rowing.

Light bag punching is a good way to develop timing, coordination, and speed. The Overhead Punching Bag outfit, made by Roberts Boxing Equipment Co. (a subsidiary of Gabriel Industries), is perfect to bring out the rat-a-tat-tat drumming of a perfectly executed series of rolling punches and jabs. It comes with a pair of mitts, too.

For younger boys there is a Sparrin' Partner Speed Puncher that stands upright on a whippy spring-steel rod, firmly fastened to a floor platform.

Muscle helps, but strength alone will not win trophies. You need actual competition practice. And you must study your sport. Treat your sport as a science. Coaches think of it that way. When you watch any sport, look for the inside stuff—don't keep your eyes on the ball to the exclusion of the players. See how blocks are set up in football, how baseball players position themselves against various hitters.

There is also plenty to absorb from televised sports, especially golf, track, tennis, boxing, and baseball. But don't substitute watching for doing—keep on working to perfect your skills.

for you and dad



Time to draw a bead on that Daisy B•B Gun you've been wanting. And to think about all the fun you'll be able to share together... shooting on an indoor range you can build yourself!

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Authorized by the NRA as official non-powder gun makers for their centennial.

There I was, a foreigner in the middle of several thousand German citizens, looking for Big Mac and his Pfadfinders. Pfadfinders are the German equivalent of Boy Scouts, Big Mac was their leader, and I was hoping I wouldn't have to ask some stranger to "take me to the leader." Fortunately, I was to meet Big Mac in front of the Freiburg Cathedral at noon and he and the boys turned up at the right place, at the right time.

Since it was market day, we got acquainted while stocking up on provisions for the next few days. Marketing done, we warmed up for the hiking trip by climbing the dark, narrow, spiral stairway to the top of the cathedral's bell tower. There we had a dizzying look at the old town below, and the majestic mountains in the distance.

Big Mac (who wanted the boys to call him that) also told me about our destination, the Black Forest. In his very good English he explained that the

lakes. And in these castles would be giants and princesses, while prehistoric monsters would roam the land.

It was such a marvelous fantasy that I even extended it to Mac's Gnome Patrol, giving them the nicknames of Happy, Slappy, Sleepy, Creepy, Cotton-tail, and Peter. They were a great group, most of them speaking excellent English.

Winding our way down from the bell tower, we headed for a nearby wursterei (something like a hot-dog stand). The wursts are big and meat-filled, putting our frankfurters to shame, and deliciously served on crisp, seeded buns. As we washed them down with *apfel-most* (apple juice), the boys told me they were well prepared for our hike through the Black Forest. The previous summer they had spent two months on a camping tour of Scandinavia, going up through Finland and returning along the Norwegian coast.

Before entering the Black For-



Semaphore and tales of buried

gave up and returned home, leaving the boy with the wolf into whose den he had fallen. She kept him alive on her milk until he had recovered from the

Tackling German trails with a patrol of Pathfinders can be a ball.

SCOUT ADVENTURE IN

Text and Photos by DICK ROWAN



Getting the right time was a . . .
Playtime for the Gnome Patrol.

Black Forest isn't exactly black, just dark and beautiful. My imagination took over at that point, painting a picture of a forest so dense that the sun never touched the leaf-thick ground. And, of course, it was inhabited by gnomes, and those little old men who live in gingerbread huts and work from dawn to dusk carving cuckoo clocks for tourists. Furthermore, I was sure that a daring traveler into the forbidding interior would discover abandoned, vine-covered castles perched precariously on cliffs overlooking deep, icy, emerald



problem at the Triberg museum.

est we visited Schloss Waldkirch, situated high on a mountain. (A *schloss* is a castle; Waldkirch is a town near Freiburg, where we had first met.) And while we didn't encounter any whiskered gnomes or mile-high monsters, the castle was an ancient one, an eerie ruin overgrown with vines.

In keeping with the mood of the place, Creepy told the tale of a boy who had been exploring within the castle walls and had fallen into a hidden hole—a hole so deep his friends could neither see him nor hear him. After a fruitless search, they



Woodcarver's craft on display.

injuries suffered in his fall, then led him through underground tunnels to a pitch-black chamber. Feeling around, he discovered thousands and thousands of coins, so he stuffed his pockets with them and followed the wolf to freedom. He stumbled home down the mountain, surprising everyone that he was alive. Ever since, people have been searching for the tunnels.

Our search was just as unsuccessful, and we set off for the Forest itself. Our destination was a big waterfall near Wolfach, and we plunged into the trees along a trail that took

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treasure at the Schloss Waldkirch.

us upward. We could barely see each other in the nightlike gloom caused by the density of the leaves and trees above and around us. Then it began to

log were disgorged on the other side of the mountain, her hair had turned gray and her face was wizened and wrinkled.

Under other circumstances we would have laughed at the story, but the rushing river, the cold, and the grimness of the forest made laughter impossible. So, by the time we reached the falls and I had taken some pictures, we all agreed it was time for a treat.

The retreat for a treat took us to a *konditorei* (pastry shop), where I had the first of many servings of *schwarzwaldertorte* (Black Forest cake, a chocolate sponge cake with cherries between the layers, loads of whipped cream, and soaked through with a cherry liqueur).

That lifted everyone's spirits, and when the sun came out we were almost bouncing up the path that would take us to the top of the tallest mountain in Southern Germany. Mt. Feldberg is only 4,500 feet high, but from its peak we could see almost all of the Black Forest

and exhausted. All that exercise called for another treat, so we beached the boats and poured into a *gasthof* (guest house) for a feast of *schnitzel und sauerkraut und kartoffeln und himbeersaft* (raspberry juice)—and *schwarzwaldertorte*. Whatever you call it and however it's pronounced, it was great . . . especially the dessert.

Feeling fit and fat, but not fit enough for more exercise immediately, we spent the rest of the afternoon visiting museums and other places of interest. First stop was an old reconstructed farm outside Hornberg. The entire farm was made of thatch and some of its ancient implements were similar to farm equipment still being used in parts of Europe.

Next stop was the Black Forest Museum, in Triberg. It featured colorful costumes worn during *fasching* (a German form of carnival), but most interesting were the rooms hung with carved wooden clocks and displays showing how they

Especially when the tales of terror are taller than the mountains.

THE BLACK FOREST



The natives in carnival costumes.



The famous Black Forest cake.



We saw the Titisee by rowboat.

drizzle and the already bleak trail became slippery and treacherous.

We had to cross a river several times, and if we hadn't formed a chain, one or more of our gnomes would have been swept away. To keep up our spirits, Peter told a tale of a beautiful young girl who had tried to cross this river alone and was carried downstream. She managed to grab a floating log, but the current carried her into a cleft in the mountain. Inside, she heard and saw such terrifying sounds and visions that, by the time she and the

area. Roughly a 100-mile square, it was beautiful rolling countryside dotted by the brilliant green of mountain lakes. Every slope was spread with old farmhouses and barns, occasional small villages, and streams coursing silver.

The next day's hike took us from the tallest mountain to the biggest sea, Titisee. (A sea to them, but a lake to us.) And when you're near a lake, there's only one thing to do—go boating. And when you're boating on a lake, there's a lot to do, which we did: racing, exploring the shoreline, getting wet

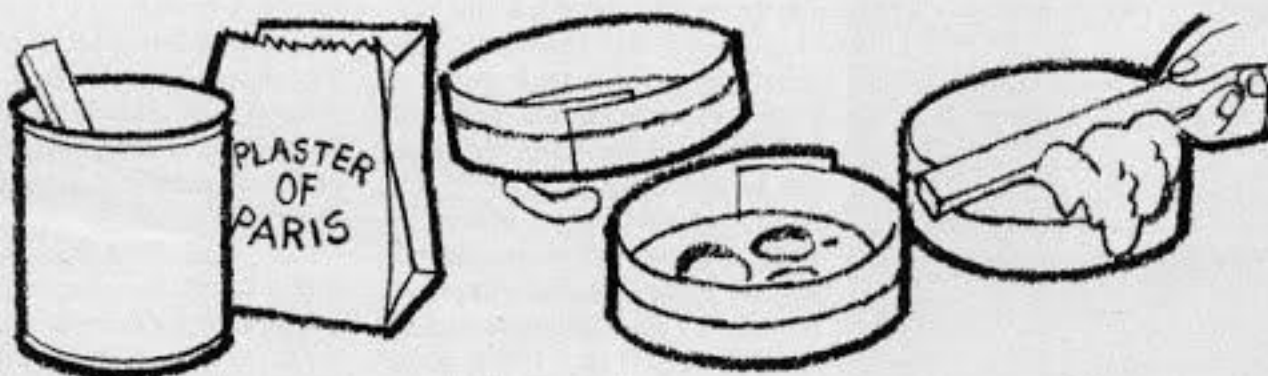
were made. Not once, however, did we catch sight of tiny old men hunched over worktables, carving away at cuckoo clocks. On vacation, no doubt.

That day marked the end of our hike. But before we parted company, the boys gave me a fascinating hand-carved clock, which sometimes strikes 13 and sometimes 14, and houses a loony cuckoo that leaps out and makes sounds like a rooster. They also gave me a book containing collected tales of the Black Forest—in German. Is there a translator in the audience?



Thirsty trio beneath the thatch.

BOY SCOUT



HOW SUPERTRACKER DOES IT

By BILL MONTGOMERY

Everybody knows Supertracker. It's likely that you have encountered him most often in the pages of books, on the motion-picture screen, or on television.

Supertracker is the guy who glances at some tiny scratches on the ground and then tells the life history of the man or animal who made the marks. He has many names and occupations. Sometimes he's a big-game hunter, trapper, an Indian scout, or a private eye. Regardless of the role, the script goes something like this:

SCENE I

(The grasslands of East Africa, Mount Kilimanjaro in the background, the plain dotted with clumps of trees and herd of wild game. Supertracker and his Amazed companion halt beside some invisible marks on the ground.)

AMAZED COMPANION: What do you see, Super T?

SUPERTRACKER: This disturbed blade of grass tells me Simba went this way two hours ago. He was moving slowly, carrying the left rear leg bone of a warthog, and favoring an old spear wound given him by a Masai warrior. His right canine tooth is infected, and he is bedded down near the baobab tree 800 yards beyond that dry wadi to our left.

AMAZED COMPANION: That's amazing, Super!

SUPERTRACKER: Nothing to it, A.C.

END OF SCENE

Sound familiar? Supertracker is larger than life, of course, and his audiences, like Amazed Companion, are expected to believe that old Supertracker is some kind of wizard.

Our hero may be just a convenient device for yarn spinners, but, as in all legendary heroes, there is a grain of truth in Supertracker.

Feats almost as extraordinary as those of our friend are performed every day by primitive hunters who must kill game in order to survive. Other men, such as game managers, hunting guides, and naturalists, often can read a remarkable amount of information from the tracks of wild animals.

While they aren't able to give the kind of details that Supertracker does, they can make some sound deductions about the size, sex, condition, and age of the animal and have a very good idea of how fast he was traveling and where he might be going.

There is no mystery in the ability of any of these trackers. They have simply learned to apply the senses that all of us have. A good tracker's skill is based on his knowledge of the territory, long study of the habits of wild animals, constant awareness of natural conditions, and highly developed powers of observation.

You can become a good tracker, too. Study and practice, at home and in the field, are the keys. You'll never be Supertracker, because nobody ever was, but you can become wise in the ways of animals that live near you and learn to make your own sound judgments about them from the trails they leave.

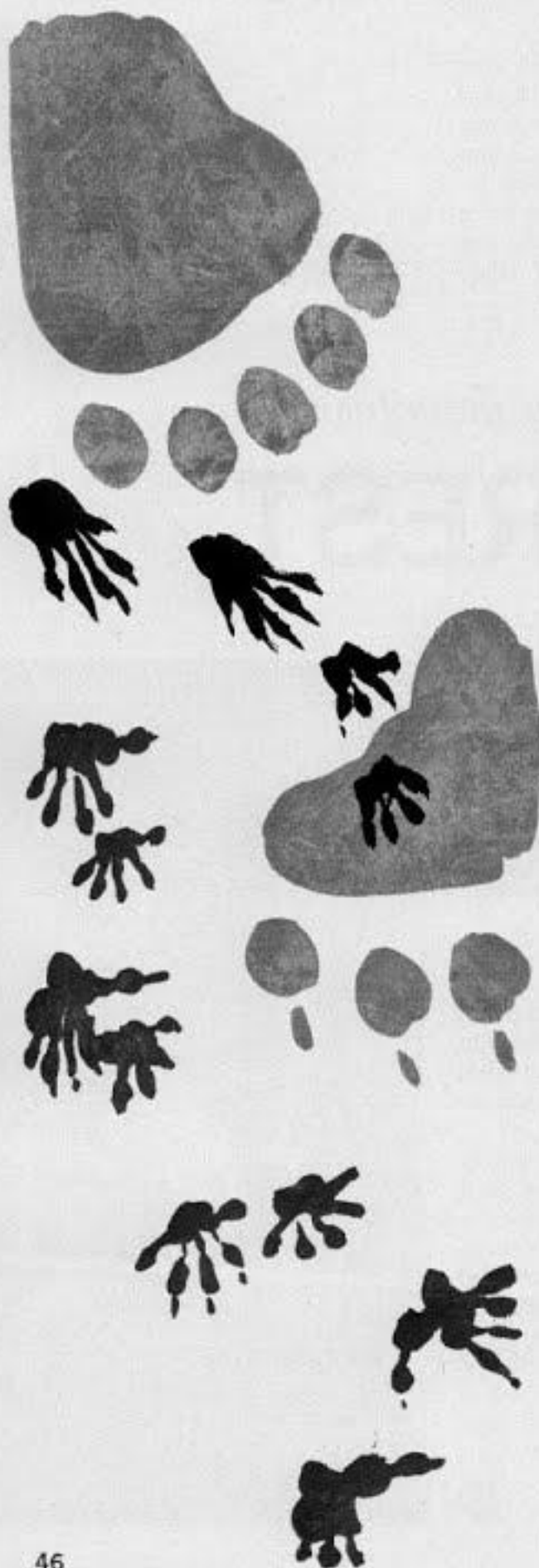
Start by sharpening your awareness of nature with this simple test:

1. What was the weather yesterday? The day before?
2. Was the wind blowing in the morning? Afternoon? Evening?
3. Did it rain? When did the rain stop?
4. What were the other weather conditions? Snow? Fog? Heavy morning dew? Bright sun?
5. About how long did each condition last?

An expert outdoorsman carries a mental filing system of weather conditions that helps him place the time of recent events.

If you find raccoon tracks on a still morning after a night-time thunderstorm, it is a fairly easy matter to determine when the trail was made. If the tracks are clear and they cross over scattered leaves or detour around freshly broken branches, you'll know the raccoon passed that way after the worst of the wind. If the tracks are sharp-edged in soft soil, it's a good bet the animal made the trail after the rain stopped.

To learn to recognize animal tracks, to be aware of the habits of wild creatures, and to find out which animals are most common where you live or camp, turn to





your Scoutmaster, your patrol leader, and your personal and public libraries.

Very few of us spend as much time outdoors as do professional guides, naturalists, and game management people, so we must depend upon their experiences, which often are available in books and magazine articles. The *Boy Scout Handbook* contains some of this information, as does the *Field-book*. Both these official books also list outstanding references on animal habits.

When you have studied the tracks of animals in your area, get your patrol together to practice tracking.

Start with a whifflepole trail. Make the whifflepole by driving large nails about halfway into a 2-foot length of log about 4 or 5 inches in diameter. Attach a length of rope to the log so it can be pulled along behind one Scout. Let one member of the patrol start laying a trail with the whifflepole while the others follow. Give the whifflepole a few minutes head start.

Now vary this usual game by having the Scout in charge of the whifflepole leave life-size drawings of common animal tracks along the way. Prepare the drawings in advance and place them where such animals might normally have dens or burrows. Try to identify the tracks. Challenge another patrol to a competition to see who can correctly identify the most tracks.

Tracks in the proper sizes can be drawn based on information in the books mentioned above. Make a list of 10 of the most common animals found in the woods in your area. Don't overlook domestic dogs and cats. Be able to recognize the tracks of domestic animals or you may spend a lot of time following a trail to Fido's doghouse. When you have your list made up with accompanying drawings, begin looking for the real thing.

Search along the banks of creeks, rivers, and ponds. You will be able to find many clear tracks in these areas.

Make plaster casts of the clearest tracks you can find. Surround the track to be cast with a circular form made of cardboard about 1 inch wide. Hold the cardboard in

shape with rubber bands. Fill the form with plaster about the consistency of pancake batter, let it harden, and then lift up the cast by digging around it with a knife blade. When the mold dries completely brush away any excess soil.

These casts may be used in the most challenging tracking game of all.

When you have 10 casts of different animals' tracks, lay a trail using chicken feed or pellet food of the type used to feed pet rabbits or mice. Along the trail use the plaster casts to make authentic-looking tracks of each of the animals. It is then up to the trackers to identify each of the impressions. A typical list might include the following: dog, cat, skunk, cottontail rabbit, opossum, raccoon, muskrat, squirrel, deer, and rat. This list includes creatures widely distributed in the United States, but it can be tailored to any region.

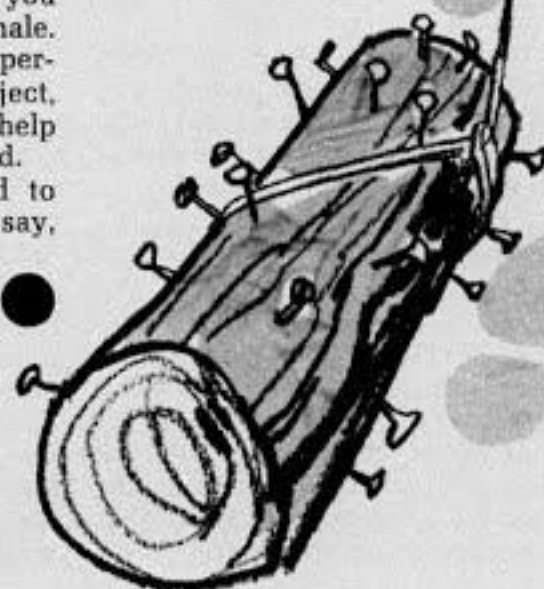
Once you have become familiar with tracks and have practiced following imitation trails, tackle the real thing.

Now your powers of observation and your recollection of the recent happenings in nature will be even more important. When you strike a fresh trail, be on the alert not only for tracks but for signs of feeding, droppings, and the possible location of burrows or dens.

Soon you will begin to notice varying distances between tracks that will tell you how fast the animal is traveling. Your knowledge of his habits will enable you to guess his possible destination. Comparison of his tracks with others you have seen will make it possible to gauge his size. If the season of the year is right and large tracks are accompanied by small ones, you can be fairly sure the animal is female. Tracks of other animals, predators perhaps, may approach those of your subject, and widely spaced, zigzag marks may help you visualize the drama that was played.

One day you may even be tempted to turn to your Amazed Companion and say, "Nothing to it, A.C."

But don't bother. Nobody really believes in Supertracker anymore.



A COLONIAL TIMES PARTY

By BRUCE McWILLIAMS

Parties in colonial times were very different from those we have today, and at the same time very similar. Try a colonial party for your den next month and you'll see why this is true.

Of course, the colonists didn't live as well as we do. They couldn't go to the supermarket for a batch of cupcakes and bottled sodas when they wanted refreshments. And they didn't have electric lights, water pipes, gas ranges, and central heating.

On the other hand, they had the most important ingredient for a good party, one that Cubs and Scouts have today—the ability to use what is at hand and improvise.

For your colonial party, try to make one room of your meeting place as much like a colonial home as possible.

If you have a fireplace, that's a good start. Most of colonial life centered around the hearth. If you have no fireplace, make one out of a large packing carton, the bigger the better. Early-American fireplaces contained warming ovens and places to dry herbs, as well as plenty of room to cook.

Cut a fireplace arch out of one side of your carton. Paint the inside of the carton black and color the outside to resemble bricks or stones. If you can afford the cost, imitation bricks made of plastic with a contact adhesive on the back are realistic.

Build an imitation fire on the hearth and put a dowel or broomstick through the carton to serve as a hanger for cooking pots. Paint the hanger black.

Just before the party, cover the glass windows with waxed paper or tissue to simulate the animal-hide windows of early days. And remember, no electric lights—use candles in holders. You can make the holders from tall fruit juice cans cut to the shape shown in the illustration.

Cut the cans with tin snips, file the cut edges smooth, and give the inside and outside a coat of black paint. Put a small nail through the bottom of the holder to fasten the candle in place. Use candles short enough so that their flames do not reach above the sides of the holder.

As a centerpiece for your refreshment table, use a whole fresh pineapple. Trim the bottom so it will sit upright. The pineapple was often a symbol of hospitality in the American colonies. In New England, returning sailors might place a pineapple on their gateposts as an invitation to share the delicacies obtained on a long voyage.

For refreshments, since you can't use supermarket cupcakes and soda, perhaps you can persuade your mother to bake old-fashioned molasses cookies from this recipe.

Molasses Cookies

1 cup molasses	1 3/4 tsp. baking powder
1/2 cup shortening	1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda	1 1/2 tsp. ginger
2 3/4 cups of flour	

Heat the molasses until it begins to boil. Remove it from the heat. Add shortening and soda while stirring. Blend the remaining ingredients and stir in gradually. Chill the dough and roll it thin. Cut out the cookies and place them on a lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake for five to seven minutes in an



oven heated to 350. Be careful not to over-bake these cookies. This recipe makes about two dozen four-inch cookies.

And nothing is better with molasses cookies than sweet apple cider. Serve it hot and spiced, or cold, depending upon the weather. If you heat and spice the cider, add a cup of water to each quart of cider.

If you want to keep to the colonial theme while preparing the cider, do not use water from an inside tap. Take a bucket to an outside faucet, fill it, bring it in, and transfer it to a pitcher. That operation is something like going to a spring for water. It's just a reminder of the way things have changed.

Perhaps there are other rules of this sort



that will add to the authentic quality of the festivities. If possible, have everyone walk to the party. See how many ways you can think of to take a step back in time.

In decorating, remember that the colonists in the early days had little time for frills. Most efforts were spent in improving their living conditions. Some needlepoint and

dried flower decorations were about all that brightened most homes.

You might not be able to handle the fancy sewing chores, but it's easy to make dried flowers. Your mother or your hostess will appreciate them when the party is over.

Mix a box of cornmeal with an equal volume of borax. Spread about a half inch of

the material evenly across the bottom of a box. Place the heads of the flowers in the mixture with the stems up. Spoon more of the mixture around the blossoms until all petals are covered and the stems will stand alone.

Let the flowers stand for a week and then remove them one at a time, shaking them gently to loosen the mixture. Finish up the job with careful brushing with a small water-color brush.

Use about six of the colorful flowers with an arrangement of dried weed and wheat and any other dried plants you can find.

The flowers also may be glued to stained wood blocks or to light-colored burlap stretched over plywood. Make your own flower designs from dried weeds, wheat, tiny pinecones and any other material you find. Clear-drying white glue may be used to attach the designs to the blocks.

Once your decorations are complete, plan your party games.

EGGSHELL RACE

Traditionally this game was played with hollow eggs. Make small holes in either end of an egg with a pin or needle. Blow the yolk and white out of the egg and paint the shells different colors.

Put the eggs down on a starting line and on a signal each contestant blows his egg toward the finish line. Contestants are not allowed to touch the eggs in any way.

Another version of this is played with teams of two boys per egg. Each team player has a broomstick with which he pushes the egg toward the finish line. Only the broomstick may touch the egg.

COLONIAL CHARADES

Charades, the popular game in which a phrase or name must be acted out without the actor speaking, has been played for centuries. Others in the group must guess the phrase acted out.

Give a twist to this game by assigning each Cub an incident from colonial history to act out. Legendary exploits may be used also. A few examples: the Boston Tea Party. Benjamin Franklin experimenting with a kite in a thunderstorm. George Washington chopping down the cherry tree. The Pilgrims landing on Plymouth Rock.

TRICK THE SENTRY

Many games like this have been played in America by colonial and Indian boys alike.

Newspapers are laid on the floor in a circle. In the center is a blindfolded "sentry." On his shoulder he carries a rolled-up newspaper for a musket.

Two "Indians" are assigned to sneak across the newspapers to touch the sentry. The sentry, in turn, listens for the sound of their approach and may sock them with his "musket" if he can.

Any "Indian" hit with the musket is out of the game. Any player who touches the sentry can then become a sentry himself.

STORK WRESTLE

Opponents in this game of skill and balance stand on one leg, holding the ankle of the other leg. With their free hands clasped together, each attempts to force the other off balance.

The contestants wrestle with both standing first on the right, then on the left leg.

Times change, homes change, but the important element of a party is the same today as it was 300 years ago. When friends get together to have fun, the date makes no difference at all.



CANDLE MAKING

By ALAN WHEELER

Candle making was a common household task in the early days of our country, when fireplaces and candles were the only sources of illumination in most American homes. And home-made candles still are useful today. They are handy to have if electric power fails, they make attractive decorations, and they are welcome presents.

American colonists relied on animal fats, bayberry wax, and beeswax for their principal candle-making materials. Fortunately, you won't have to go through the laborious process of rendering fat, simmering bayberries, or melting honeycombs to obtain the basic ingredients for your candles. Today most candles are made of beeswax or paraffin blended with other substances, materials which are available from hobby shops and mail-order houses. You can also obtain hardening agents for paraffin to make your candles burn longer and hold their shape in warm weather. Hobby shops also have packaged candle-making outfits in kit form.

Wicks may be made from medium-weight cotton string or purchased from hobby stores.

Since ancient times candles have been made by two basic methods, molding and dipping. Try both methods and see which gives you the best results.

HAND-DIPPED CANDLES

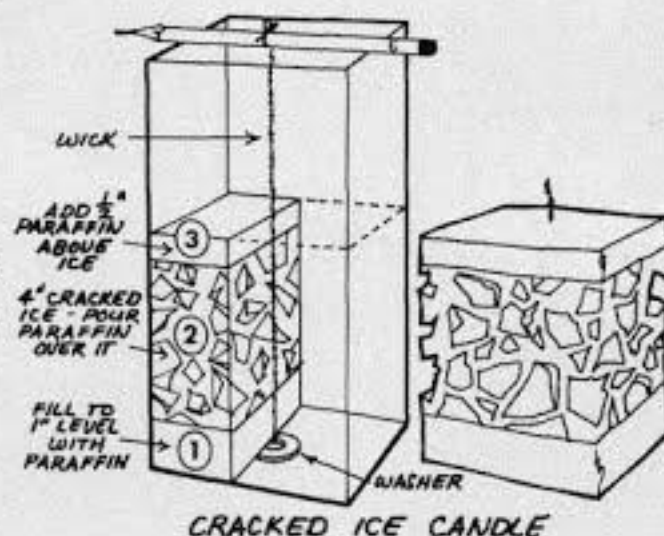
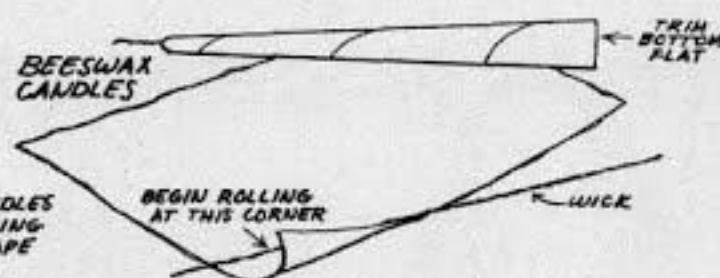
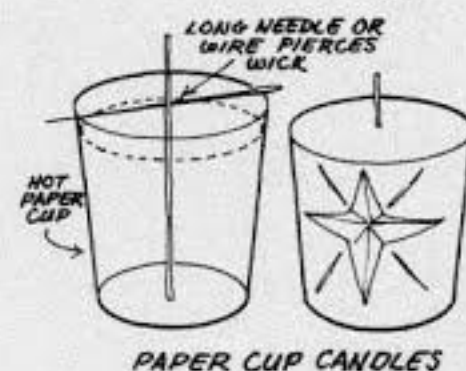
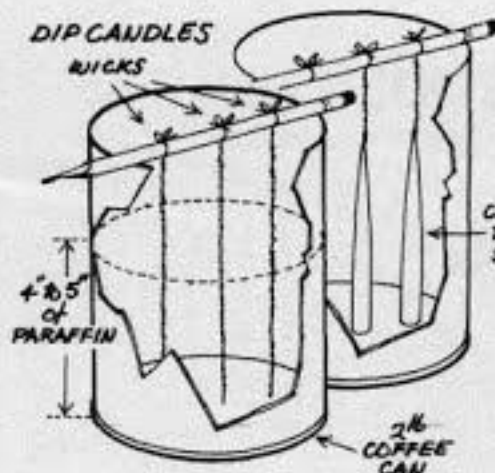
Place beads or chunks of paraffin in a two-pound coffee can over water or in the top portion of a double boiler to melt the paraffin. Melt enough to fill the coffee can to a depth of four to five inches.

Caution: Never melt paraffin directly over the fire. It is inflammable if overheated or exposed to an open flame.

Tie three pieces of wick to a notched pencil or dowel. The wicks must be tied at least one inch apart and one inch from the sides of the container. All wicks should be just long enough to reach from the dowel to the bottom of the can.

Dip the wicks evenly once and when they have cooled sufficiently to touch, straighten them carefully.

When all three wicks are stiff and hanging straight, dip them again in the melted paraf-



fin. Raise them out of the can and allow them to cool while hanging straight down. Repeat the dipping and cooling process until the candles are the thickness you desire.

Clip off the wicks about a half inch from the tapered ends of the candles.

Dipped candles take a long time to make, but they have a smooth and attractive shape and burn well because the layers of wax harden evenly.

PAPER-CUP CANDLES

Small, decorative, and long-burning candles can be made by using hot-drink paper cups as molds.

Attach a length of wick to a small metal nut or washer. Pour a few drops of hot wax in the bottom of the cup, and when the material begins to set but is still sticky, place the nut in the middle of the bottom.

Fasten the top of the wick at the center of the mouth of the cup with a long needle, a thin piece of wire like that from a small paper clip, or a small, stiff strip of cardboard with a slot cut in it. Pierce the wick with the needle or wire, or slip the end of the wick into the slot in the cardboard.

Pour clear or colored paraffin into the mold, being careful not to disturb the position of the wick. Refrigerate the mold if you wish to hasten the hardening process.

When the candle is hard, you can remove it from the mold by peeling off the paper cup. Trim the wick to the proper length.

You may carve designs into the candle, paint it with special colors designed for that purpose, or dip the candle once in melted paraffin and sprinkle "glitter" decorating material on the outer coating of wax before it hardens.

BEESWAX CANDLES

Beeswax burns evenly, without smoking or dripping, but it tends to burn faster than other materials. The wax is sticky, and dipped beeswax candles can't be made by the usual methods, but one easy way to make them is to roll them from honeycomb sheets. Hobby shops have these sheets in many colors.

To make rolled beeswax candles, place the wick with its lower end angling across one

corner of the wax sheet, as shown in the drawing. Roll the sheet around the wick, starting with the lower left-hand corner. This will make a long, slender candle.

CRACKED-ICE CANDLES

Colonial candlemakers worked to develop practical, long-lasting candles. Cracked-ice candles are for decoration. They give light, of course, but they are at their best in a holiday setting. They make unusual gifts.

Heat the paraffin as for hand-dipped candles, but add color from crayons, old lipsticks, or cream eye shadow. All these materials blend well with paraffin—just be sure the items you add are all about the same color. Or you can buy special wax dyes from hobby shops. For about 40 cents, you can color eight pounds of paraffin.

For your mold, use a square one-quart paper milk carton. Cut the top off the carton. Fasten the wick in place as directed in the section on paper-cup candles. Pour about one inch of colored wax into the carton and let it harden.

Make cracked ice by wrapping large pieces of ice in a towel and breaking them up with a hammer. Do not crush the ice. Pieces about the size of the end of your little finger, or slightly larger, are best.

Add about four inches of cracked ice to the mold. Be careful not to disturb the position of the wick. Now pour colored paraffin carefully into the carton until the ice is covered to a depth of about one-half inch. Solid top and bottom layers of wax will give your candle stability.

When the wax is firm, pour off the water and peel away the milk carton. You will find the body of your candle has an interesting texture, for the ice melts after the wax hardens and leaves an irregular lacework of wax.

For gift candles, you may want to add a scent to the paraffin. Bayberry, pine, spice, and other scents are available at hobby stores for this purpose.

Whether you make candles as gifts, decorations for your own home, or for use in emergencies, you'll have fun making the lights that illumined American homes for two centuries.

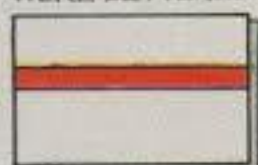
THE PEDRO PATROL

PRACTICES IDENTIFYING MAP SYMBOLS

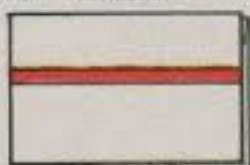


WE MADE UP A GAME THAT HELPED US LEARN SYMBOLS USED ON TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS.

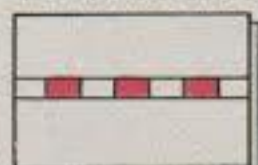
THESE SHOW THE SYMBOLS WE DREW ON OUR FLASH CARDS. MEANINGS WERE LETTERED ON THE BACKS.



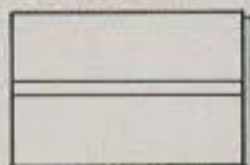
HARD-SURFACE HEAVY-DUTY ROAD, 4 OR MORE LANES.



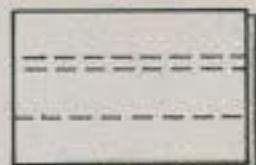
HARD-SURFACE, HEAVY-DUTY ROAD, 2 OR 3 LANES.



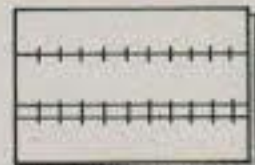
HARD-SURFACE, MEDIUM-DUTY ROAD, 4 OR MORE LANES.



IMPROVED, LIGHT-DUTY ROAD.



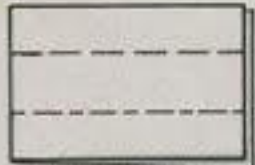
TOP-DIRT ROAD, UNIMPROVED, BOTTOM-TRAIL.



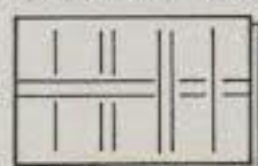
RAILROAD: TOP-SINGLE; BOTTOM-DOUBLE TRACK.



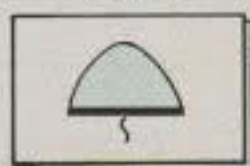
RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER RIVER.



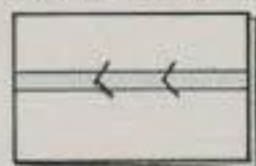
BOUNDARIES: TOP-TOWNSHIP; BOTTOM-VILLAGE.



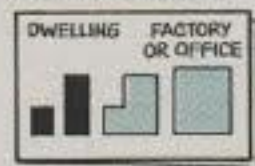
LEFT: OVERPASS; RIGHT: UNDERPASS.



IMPORTANT SMALL MASONRY OR EARTH DAM.



CANAL WITH LOCK.

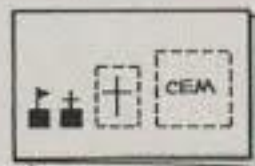


DWELLING



FACTORY OR OFFICE

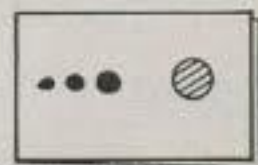
BUILDINGS



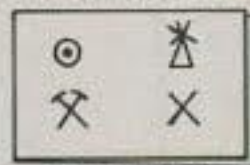
SCHOOL CHURCH CEMETERY



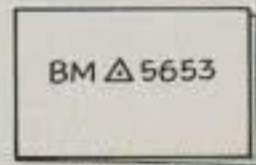
TOP-POWER LINE BOTTOM-TEL. PIPE-LINE (LABELED).



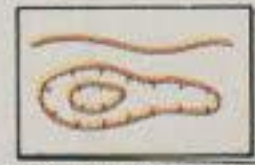
TANKS: OIL-WATER (LABELED)



LANDMARK, WINDMILL, MINE OR QUARRY



TABLET-ELEVATION (IN FEET)



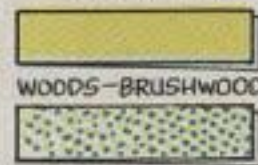
TOP-INDEX CONTOUR; BOTTOM-DEPRESSION CONTOURS.



STRIP MINE



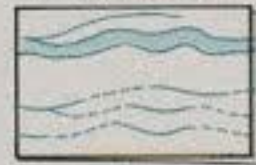
SAND AREA



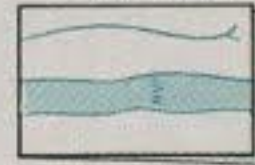
WOODS-BRUSHWOOD



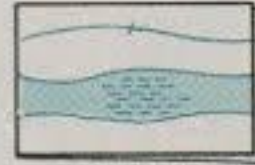
SCRUB



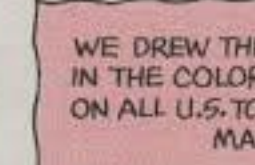
ORCHARD



STREAMS: TOP-PERENNIAL; BOTTOM-INTERMITTENT



TOP-DISAPPEARING STREAM; BOTTOM-LARGE FALLS.



SMALL RAPIDS, LARGE RAPIDS.



THEN WE MADE UP A GAME USING THE FLASH CARDS.

FIRST, WE CUT OUT AND POSTED ON A WALL, MAGAZINE PICTURES OF CERTAIN LANDMARKS. PATROL WAS DIVIDED INTO TWO TEAMS. TEAMS LINED UP. AT "GO," NO. 1 SCOUT IN EACH LINE STUCK A FLASH CARD (WITH A BIT OF MASKING TAPE) ON PICTURE THAT HIS CARD'S SYMBOL REPRESENTED. NO. 1 THEN RAN BACK, TOUCHED NO. 2, WHO MATCHED HIS CARD TO PROPER PICTURE AND SO ON UNTIL ALL SCOUTS HAD COMPETED. TEAM THAT FINISHED FIRST, AND MATCHED THE CARDS CORRECTLY, WON.



FIRST, WE MADE A SET OF FLASH CARDS FOR EACH PATROL MEMBER ON 3"X5" INDEX CARDS. ON ONE SIDE WE DREW AN ENLARGED MAP SYMBOL. ON THE OTHER SIDE WE WROTE THE MEANING OF THE SYMBOL. WE TOOK TURNS FLASHING THE CARDS TO EACH OTHER.

WE DREW THE SYMBOLS IN THE COLORS USED ON ALL U.S. TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS:

BLACK: FOR MAN-MADE FEATURES (RAILROADS, BUILDINGS, ROADS, BOUNDARIES, NAMES.)

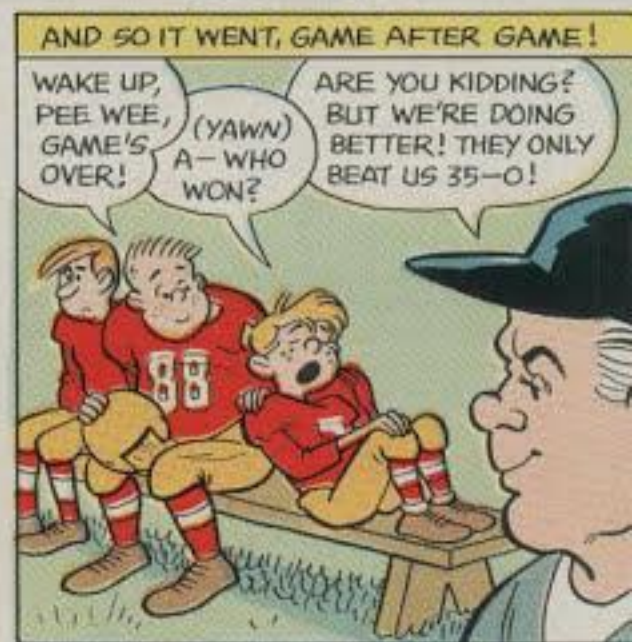
BLUE: FOR WATER FEATURES (LAKES, STREAMS, CANALS, ETC.)

BROWN: FOR RELIEF FEATURES (CONTOURS, SAND, HEIGHT, ETC.)

GREEN: FOR WOODLAND (SCRUB, VINEYARDS, ORCHARDS.)

RED: TO EMPHASIZE IMPORTANT ROADS, BUILT-UP AREAS, PUBLIC LAND SUBDIVISION LINES.

pee wee Harris





ELIJAH

I KINGS CHAP. 19

WHEN AHAB, KING OF ISRAEL, TOLD JEZEBEL, HIS WIFE, HOW ELIJAH HAD DESTROYED ALL THE PRIESTS OF BAAL, SHE SENT A MESSAGE TO ELIJAH SAYING SHE WOULD HAVE HIM KILLED.



FOREWARNED, ELIJAH FLED INTO THE WILDERNESS, WHERE AN ANGEL OF THE LORD GAVE HIM FOOD AND WATER. FOR 40 DAYS AND NIGHTS ELIJAH JOURNEYED TO HOREB, THE MOUNT OF GOD, WHERE HE WENT INTO A CAVE. WHEN THE LORD ASKED WHY HE WAS THERE, ELIJAH CONFESSED HE HAD FLED FOR HIS LIFE.



A GREAT STORM AROSE, FOLLOWED BY AN EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE. THEN ELIJAH HEARD A STILL, SMALL VOICE THAT HE KNEW WAS THE LORD'S.



THE VOICE TOLD HIM TO GO TO DAMASCUS AND ANOINT HAZAEL TO BE KING OVER SYRIA; JEHU, KING OF ISRAEL; AND ELISHA, THE LORD'S PROPHET.

SPACE CONQUERORS!

by AL STENZEL

THE TWO EARTHMEN, KURT AND PRIMO, HAVE BEEN WATCHING REPLAYS OF EVENTS THAT HAPPENED ON AN UNKNOWN PLANET AGES AGO.



THIS HAS BEEN VERY INTERESTING. BUT WHY ARE YOU SHOWING IT TO US?



BECAUSE YOU ARE INTELLIGENT BEINGS FROM ANOTHER GALAXY WHO MAY HELP US. BEAR WITH ME UNTIL YOU SEE THIS LAST EPISODE.



BY TRANSPLANTING ANIMAL HEREDITY TRAITS INTO MEN AND WOMEN, CREATURES WITH CERTAIN CHARACTERISTICS WERE CREATED ACCORDING TO DEMAND. THE COURAGE AND FAITHFULNESS OF DOGS, THE DOCILITY OF SHEEP, THE TIRELESSNESS OF BURROS, THE VISION OF EAGLES—WHATEVER THE WEALTHY ORDERED.



WITH THIS NEW SOURCE OF WORKERS, OUR CITIES AND OUR COUNTRYSIDE ONCE AGAIN FLOURISHED. INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL WITHIN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM BECAME COMMONPLACE.



"THEN OUR ASTRONOMERS MADE A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY...OUR SUN WAS RAPIDLY GROWING BRIGHTER."



"IT COULD MEAN ONLY ONE THING—OUR SOLAR SYSTEM WAS DOOMED!"

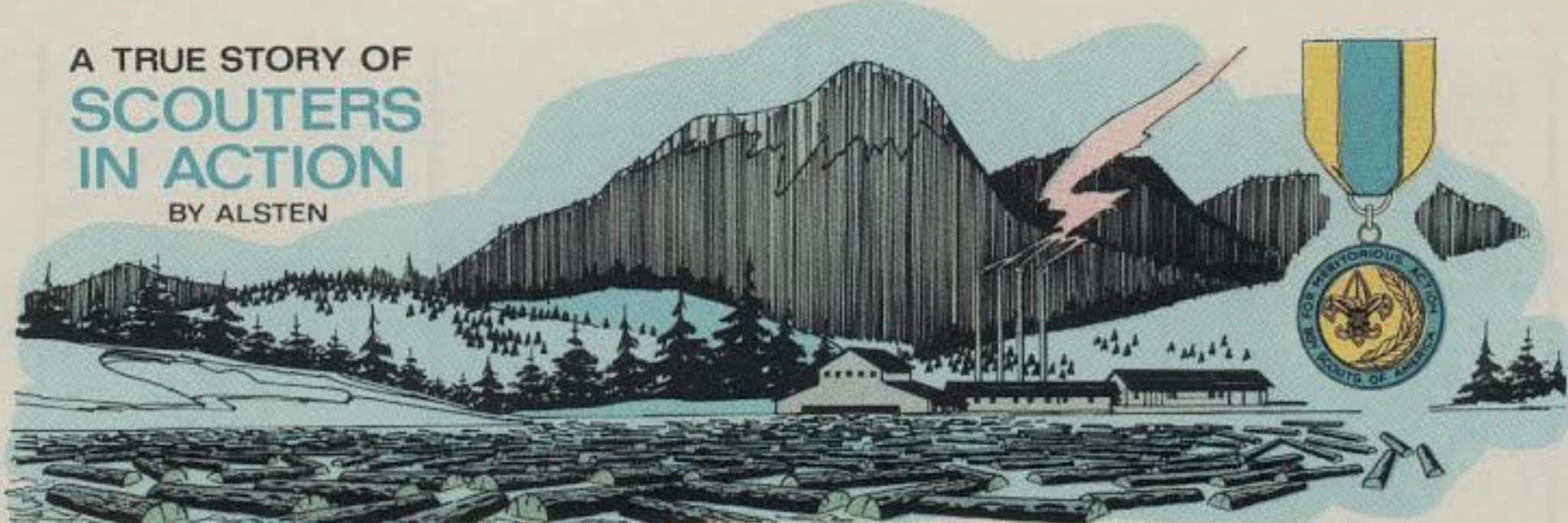


A CRASH PROGRAM WAS BEGUN TO CONVERT OUR INTERPLANETARY VESSELS INTO GALACTIC SPACESHIPS. BEFORE ENOUGH COULD BE COMPLETED, THE POPULACE PANICKED. THE SPACE-PORT BECAME A BATTLEGROUND!"

CONTINUED

A TRUE STORY OF SCOUTERS IN ACTION

BY ALSTEN



CRIES FOR HELP BURST FROM AMONG THE LOG BUNDLES!



IT WAS PITCH DARK ONE NIGHT NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE SPOKANE RIVER IN IDAHO. HUGE LOGS FLOATING IN THE LUMBER MILL STORAGE AREA BUMPED AND GROUND WITH EVERY GUST OF WIND.

JACK STEVE AND HIS DAUGHTER HEARD THE CRIES, RAN OUT OF THEIR CABIN TO THEIR CANOE...



WHILE HIS DAUGHTER FENDED OFF THE CLOSELY PACKED LOGS, STEVE EXPERTLY PADDED THE CANOE FORWARD.



WITH THE CONSTANT RUMBLING OF THE LOGS IN THE BLACKNESS IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO LOCATE THE URGENT CRIES.



FINALLY THEY DISCOVERED FOUR MEN CLINGING DESPERATELY TO LOGS THAT ROLLED FROM SIDE TO SIDE THREATENING TO CRUSH THEM. STEVE AND HIS DAUGHTER RESCUED THE MEN.



FOR HIS COURAGE, JACK STEVE WAS AWARDED THE MEDAL OF MERIT BY THE NATIONAL COURT OF HONOR, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.

STEVE IS A SCOUTER OF PACK 3005 SPONSORED BY THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS NO. 1254, COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO.

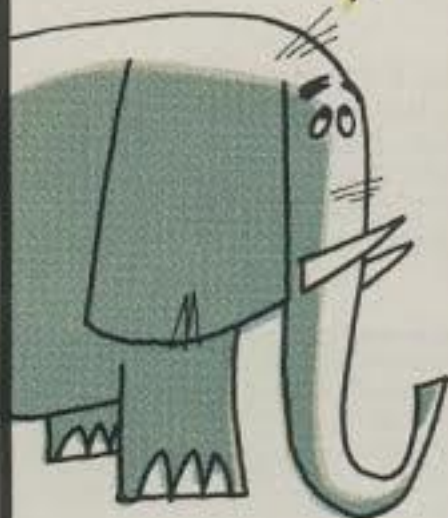


Willy

I'M DOING RESEARCH, WILLY. IS IT TRUE ELEPHANTS NEVER FORGET?



YUP!



NO MATTER HOW LONG AGO SOMETHING HAPPENED, YOU REMEMBER IT?



YUP!



LET'S SEE HOW LONG YOU REMEMBER THIS!



BONK!



HEY! QUIT IT, WILLY! YOU'RE SHAKING MY FAITH IN RESEARCH!



A-1040V

SIDEWALK NATURE TRAIL

BIRDS IN THE CITY

IF YOU WATCH CAREFULLY, YOU'LL DISCOVER THERE ARE MANY MORE DIFFERENT KINDS OF BIRDS IN THE CITY THAN MOST PEOPLE REALIZE.

THERE ARE THE PERMANENT RESIDENTS SUCH AS SPARROWS, BLUE JAYS, NIGHTHAWKS, PIGEONS, GULLS, STARLINGS.

THEN THERE ARE THE VISITORS—BIRDS THAT STOP TO REST AND FEED DURING THEIR MIGRATIONS.

YOU CAN SEE ON THE FLYWAYS MAP THAT MOST LARGE CITIES IN THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES LIE IN THOSE PATHS.

ROOFTOPS, CITY PARKS, EMPTY LOTS, BACKYARDS, SIDEWALKS, TREES, ALL ARE LIKELY PLACES TO SEE BIRDS.



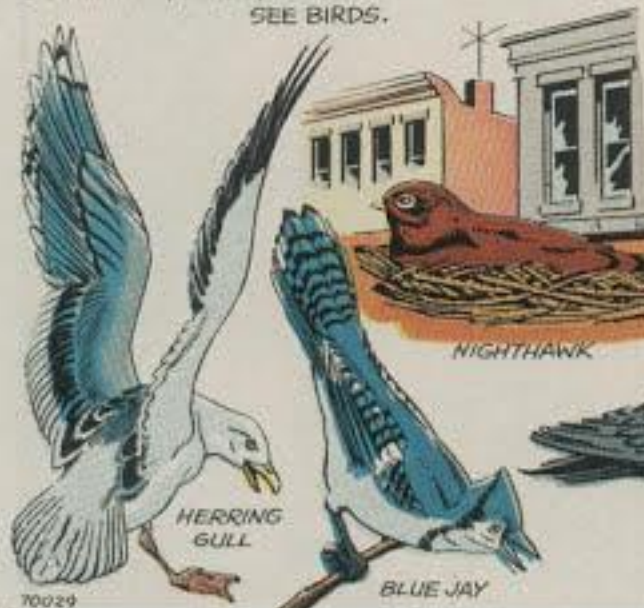
FLYWAYS ARE THE SKY PATHS THAT MIGRATING BIRDS TRAVEL TO THEIR SOUTHERN WINTER FEEDING GROUNDS AND TO THEIR NORTHERN SUMMER BREEDING AND NESTING PLACES.

PROJECTS

MAKE WINDOW BIRD FEEDERS AND KEEP THEM FILLED WITH BIRDSEED, STALE BREAD CRUMBS, BITS OF SUET, ETC.

BORROW BOOKS ON BIRDS SO YOU CAN IDENTIFY THE ONES YOU SEE.

KEEP A "BIRD LOG," IN WHICH YOU NOTE THE NAMES AND DESCRIPTIONS OF THE BIRDS YOU'VE SEEN, AND WHEN AND WHERE YOU'VE SEEN THEM. AND IF YOU CAN GET HOLD OF SOME FIELD GLASSES, THEY'LL HELP MAKE BIRD-WATCHING MUCH MORE ENJOYABLE.



HERRING GULL

BLUE JAY

NIGHTHAWK



PIGEON

HOUSE (OR ENGLISH) SPARROW

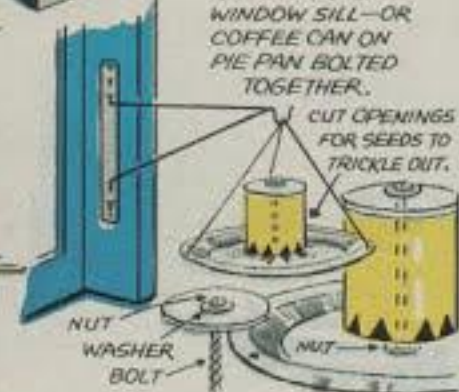


STARLING

NOTE: THESE BIRDS ARE NOT DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE.



WOOD TRAY ON WINDOW SILL—OR COFFEE CAN ON PIE PAN BOLTED TOGETHER.



CUT OPENINGS FOR SEEDS TO TRICKLE OUT.

NUT WASHER BOLT

Strange Fish

➔ (Continued from page 39)

into the bottom of the boat and lay there like dead men while Job and Sam shivered in bewilderment. But the father and son said nothing to each other of what they thought of their uncanny catch; that was a private matter and not for the ears of the wind. Instead, they shrugged their shoulders and pulled about and made toward the rich dribble of gold.

"Quick! Quick! Afore it's all gone!"

"What was that, Pa?"

"Never spoke, Sammy. Wash your ears out."

The boy frowned. The voice he'd heard had been hoarse, urgent and near at hand.

"Pull away, Ezra!"

The boy trembled violently, and all but let go of his oar. "There's ghosts aboard, Pa!"

Job looked sideways at his son. "Then bid 'em lend a hand, Sammy—or fetch 'em one with your oar!"

A second chest aboard the wrecked vessel had cracked open and a river of guineas came dancing out. But again there was heard a faint cry for help from the darkly churning sea.

"Here we go again, Sammy!"

The boy nodded, and struggled with his oar. It had become heavier, as if other hands than his were pulling to keep the boat toward the running gold and away from the cry in the sea. But Sam prevailed, and as the bow turned, the sea again drew back to reveal the murderous rocks that would have sunk them. The boat dipped and lifted and swung about till it came alongside a length of planking to which

clung three more white-faced men. Not knowing to which world the men belonged, Job and his son heaved them aboard to join the others who lay, watchful and still, at the bottom of the boat. Then the waves

swept high and concealed the danger . . .

"Third time lucky, Pa," the boy said, smiling, for his oar now seemed light as a feather.

The gold was pouring out of the queer vessel's side like life's

blood. The wind was lessening; the sea lost its sharp edges and rolled in thick, smooth folds. A mist was coming in, dense and gray. Already the masts and sails were eaten up in the vapors and the high gild- ➔



Dan Phillips makes waves.

When Dan isn't skimming across Ohio's St. Mary's Lake on his high-performance water skis, he's busy at GM's Delco Products plant in Dayton making another kind of wave—sound waves.

You see, Dan is a young engineer who is concerned with pollution. Noise pollution. His job is to design industrial motors



that run quietly. But still give top performance.

So far, Dan and the other people at Delco have been quite successful. In fact, most of their motors have reached a new level

of quiet—below 85 decibels—in the battle against industrial noise pollution.

But then, that's typical of GM. Where you find a lot of people doing big things in a quiet sort of way.

General Motors

Interesting people doing interesting things.

ing of the poop was partly nibbled away.

"Make haste, Sammy!"

But Job's words were interrupted by a weird chorus of cries—like an anthem of despair.

"Yonder, Sammy, yonder!"

The boy stared hard to where his father pointed . . . and shuddered to the depths of his soul. As the sea rolled dark and oily under the heavy folds of mist, he saw what seemed to be a vast coverlet of men, women and children rising and falling in a weird, slow dance. Hundreds and hundreds of them, with bone-white faces gleaming like bubbles on the wave.

"Women and children, Sammy!" panted Job as they nosed among the floating crowd. Sam nodded and shipped his unwilling oar. Then Wilkins and Son began to fill the little boat till it seemed that they must all sink under the weight. They dragged and heaved and piled them in. At last there was scarce room to row, when Sam heard a soft scream almost in his ear. "Jacob Tulliver! They've come for us! The women and children, too! Look—look! All of them!"

"Pa!" howled Sam, feeling the unnatural chill of their cargo pressing against his legs, his back and his neck. "They're all ghosts! They're the ghosts of them the wreckers murdered!"

"That's as may be, Sammy," answered Job, pale of face and stern of eye. "But ghosts or otherwise, we ain't got room for any gold now. So it's back to the shore, lad!"

They turned and began to row through the mists, toward where Job's unfailing instinct told him the shore lay. As they moved blindly across the foggy sea, Sam heard distant shrieks and howls and the splitting of timber on rock as the phantoms of the three and forty wreckers

foundered again, even as they'd foundered a year ago that night, under the tempting stream of gold.

"Looks like the constable was right, Pa!" panted Sam. "Looks like they went to hell like he said!"

"Where that three and forty went is none of your business or mine," grunted Job. "Don't go poking your nose in, boy. Just keep rowing."

The fog was now so dense that Job and Sam were almost

hidden from each other, and their uncanny cargo, stirring, sighing and muttering, was no longer seen. Presently the motion of the boat was arrested and the keel whispered on sand. They had reached the shore.

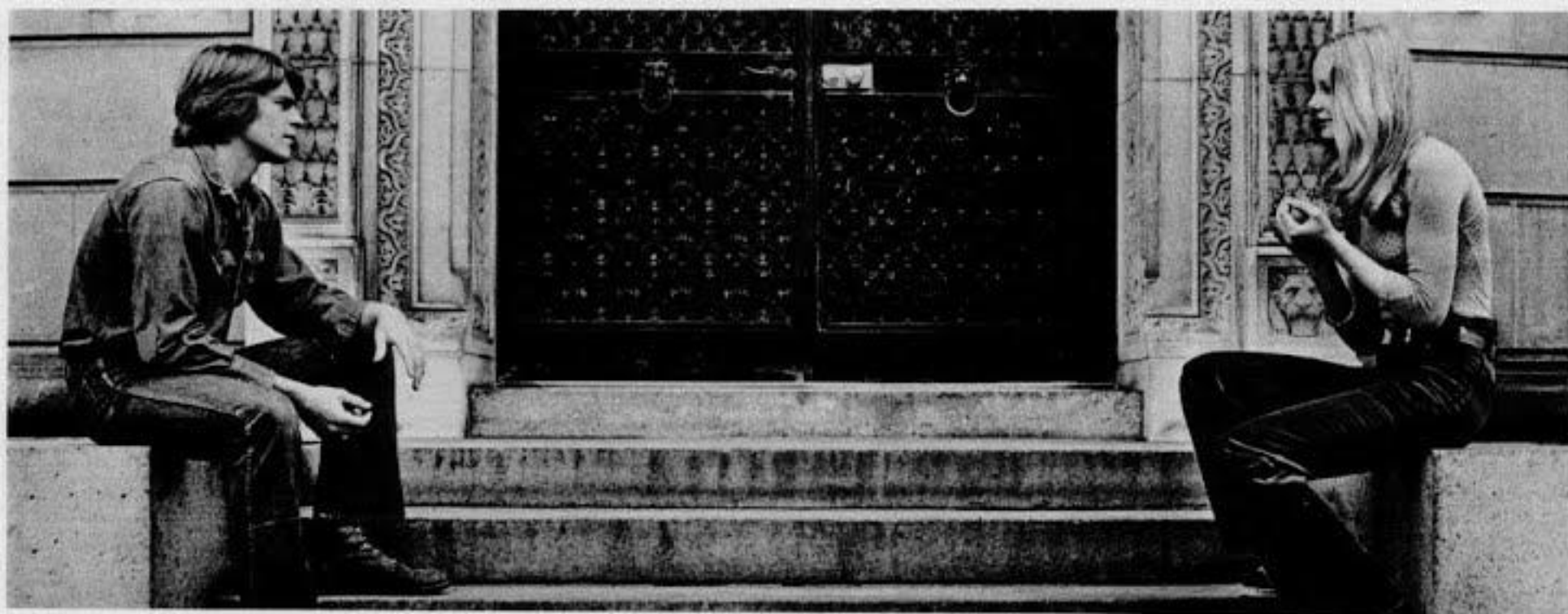
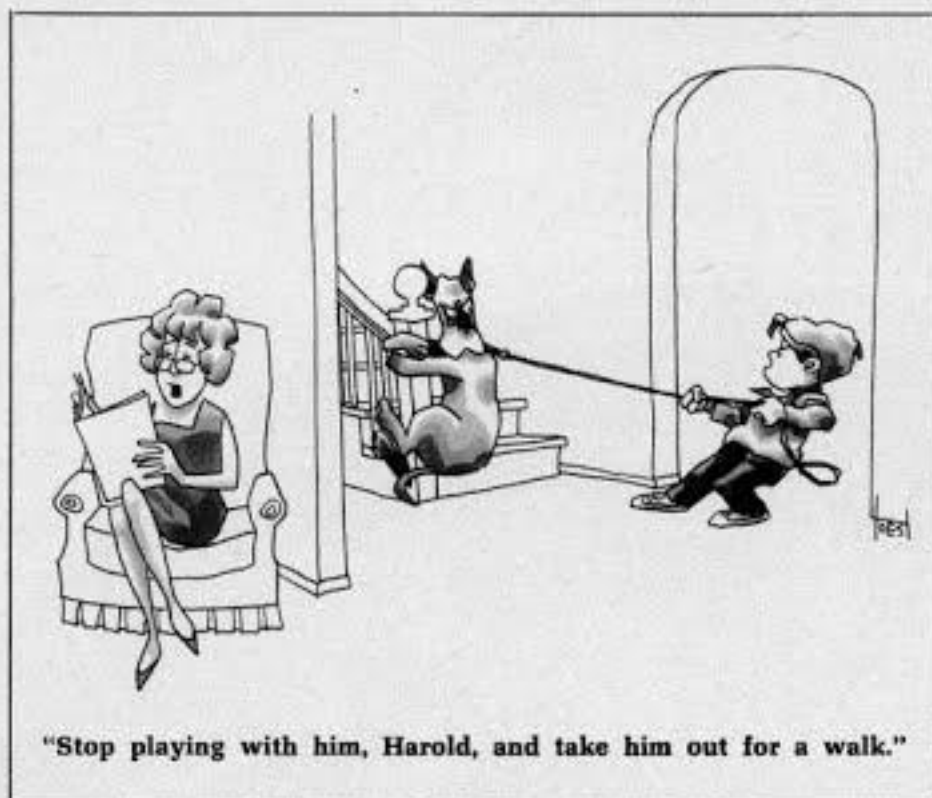
"Ahoy, there!" shouted Job, for the air was thick as wool. There came an answering shout and at length the landlord and the constable came running out of the nothingness to stare incredulously at the returned strangers.

"Never thought to see you back!" was the landlord's greeting, as he heaved to bring the boat clear of the sea.

"What was it, friends?" demanded the constable, over the rumble of the surf. "What was that terrible ship, and what was it those damned souls saw that drew them out to destruction? For they were damned, weren't they?"

"Can't say, constable," answered Job, shaking the sea off his arms and out of his thick gray hair. "Left me spectacles behind." He stared severely at Sam whose mouth had opened as if to confirm the constable's words and tell of the stream of tempting gold.

"The mist's lifting," said the landlord, turning his gleaming face out to sea. "Comes and goes in these parts with marvelous speed."



DO IT FOR HER

Acne blemishes are not a catastrophe, and we're not claiming that they are. But if Thera-Blem® helps you look better, why not try some?

Thera-Blem is medicine, because medicine helps. Drying medicine that helps clear things up. Antiseptic medicine that helps things go away. Thera-Blem is flesh-colored. It stays smooth. It won't turn dry and chalky; won't powder and crack. (It moves when your skin moves.)

She won't even know you're wearing Thera-Blem. (But it'll be there, hiding and healing.) Thera-Blem for acne blemishes.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF
NOXELL
CORPORATION

The little group on the shore stared as the air grew thin and clean again. High above, a row of stars came out and glinted like tiny buttons on the dark blue livery of the night. The sea was calm once more. The great ship had vanished.

Uneasily Sam looked into their boat. He sighed. The fearful catch for which they'd turned from fortune and risked their lives had shrunk. In place of the ghostly murdered dead lay a heap of faintly shining mackerel whose filmy eyes stared back at him.

"It was a phantom ship!" ranted the constable, his eyes burning. "And they all went to hell with it! This place is accursed!"

"There was souls in the sea," murmured Job softly, "and maybe they was phantoms too. And maybe three and forty went out to fetch 'em in. Ain't it possible?"

"Pa!" cried Sam, who'd good cause to know otherwise. "They—" He got no farther, for Job Wilkins clipped him smartly round the ear. "Speak when you're spoke with, Sammy, boy!"

"So—so they might have been redeemed?" whispered the landlord, polishing his forehead as if he meant to exhibit it.

"As like as maybe," nodded Job, eyeing the heap of mackerel. "At all events, the sea hereabouts is mighty rich, I'd say."

"YOU'RE LYING, MY FRIENDS," said the constable when they were back in the inn and drying off before the fire. "I know you saw what really happened that night a year ago. Come, admit it. Say they were damned and this place is accursed."

But Job did not seem to hear him.

He'd gone to the little window and, with his great hand round his son's shoulder, gazed out toward the church. There was a splinter of moon and under it the village slept in silver dreams, while the three and

forty graves in the churchyard seemed to have broken ranks... as if their long parade had finished and they might lie easy among the dappling shadows.

"This here's a pretty village," murmured Job to Sam. "What

call have the dead to curse it, so long as we don't curse them? Rest easy, gents. If you wasn't redeemed last year, it's as like as maybe you are now. Eh, Sammy?"

"Right, Pa."

I'm Dan Gurney. And I want to tell you that MPC has got a great contest going. We call it the MPC 500 Kit Idea Contest.

Draw your idea of an original model car... a car of your own design. You don't have to draw like a professional. It can be any kind of car, from street to show to racing to buggy to custom to wild. Do it now! You may just win one of 12 expense-paid trips to Indy for you and Dad.

Or one of over 1000 exciting prizes: 2 Ruppster

Mini Dune Buggies • 5 Rupp Roadster Compact Cycles

• 2 Rupp Go-Karts

• 7 Rupp Mini-Bikes

• 25 Lionel Train Sets

• 50 Sets of Goodyear "Crazy Wheels" Bicycle Tires



• 25 Wilson Footballs • 300 Ten-Packs of MPC Car Kits • 700 Two-Packs of MPC Car Kits. Sound terrific? You bet it is.

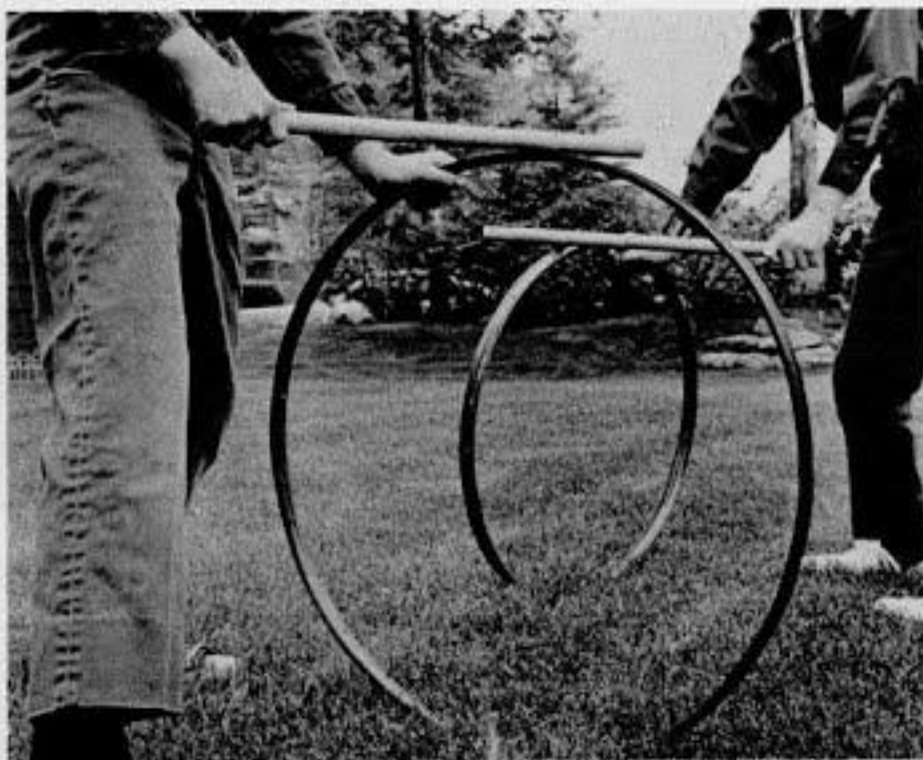
Get your entry blank and rules in any MPC 1972 New Car Kit at your nearest hobby shop or department store. Look for the MPC 500 flag on the box. Contest closes Jan. 31, 1972. See you at Indy!



**You can win
a trip to the
Indy 500, and
bring Dad
along, too!**



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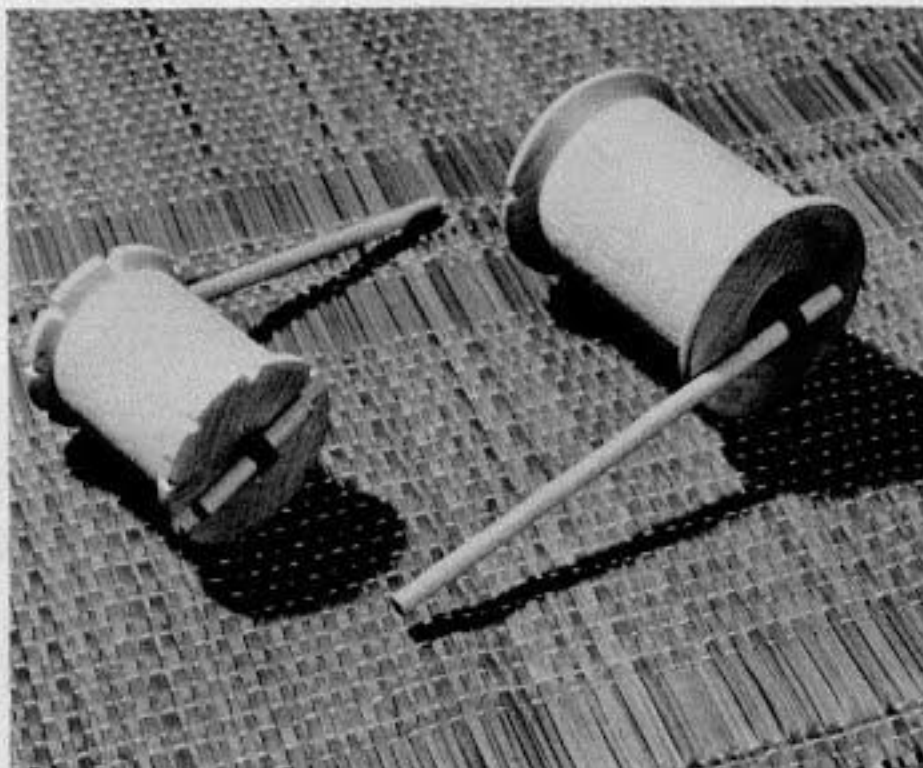
Hoops

Old-Time Toys and Games

By GLENN WAGNER

Early Americans were a rugged and inventive people—as evidenced by the toys and games of the era. Since there were no hobby shops and very few commercial toys available, children had to scrounge around for things to play with; so they often invented toys and games with the materials they could find. Occasionally a friendly blacksmith or cabinet-maker would give them scrap pieces of materials. So toys were simple, but lots of fun to play with. Here are some toys and games that will help you relive the days of old.

Spool Bugs



Metal and wooden HOOPS were two of the easiest materials to get, so pioneer children made use of old buggy wheel rims and wooden barrel hoops obtained at the local blacksmith shop or the cooperage. Since buggy rims and wooden barrel hoops as well as wooden bicycle rims are hard to find these days, we have substituted metal bicycle rims. Pieces of broomstick are used to hit glancing blows along the tops of the hoops to make them roll. Held along either side of the rim, the stick guides the hoop in the direction you want it to go. You

can have a hoop race with two or more players.

SPOOL BUGS can be lots of fun. When wound up, they will crawl along any smooth or rough surface and will climb over small objects.

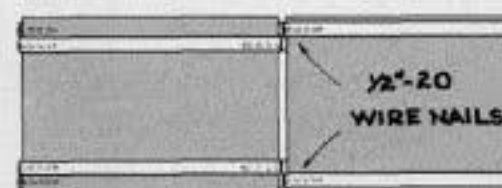
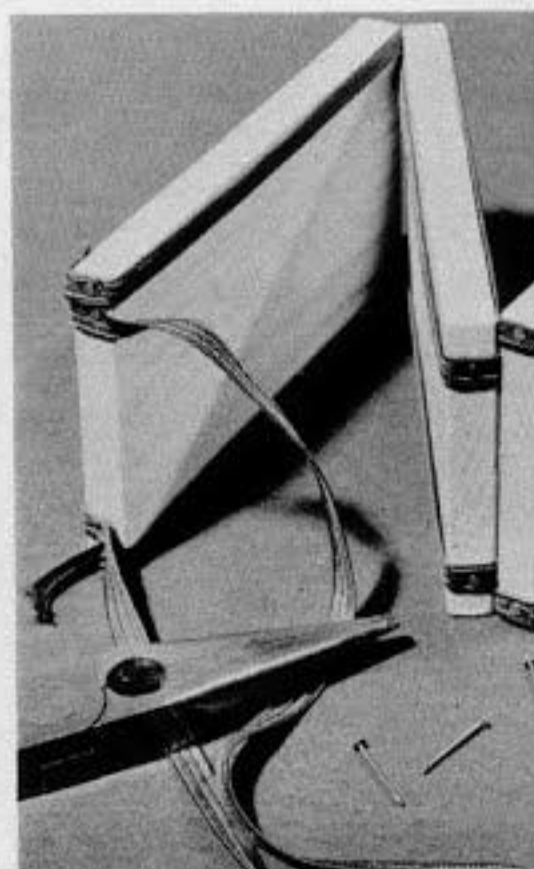
To make one, you need a large carpet-thread spool, one 1" and one 3½" length of ⅜" wood dowel, a ¼" iron washer, a ⅜" heavy-duty rubber band.

File a notch in one end of the spool to act as a lock to keep the short dowel from twisting under tension. Thread the rubber band through the spool hole, slipping the short dowel under one end and the iron washer and long dowel through the other. The iron washer acts as a bearing. Notches may be filed around the rims of the spool for added traction.

To use, wind up the rubber band inside the spool with the long dowel, set the spool on the floor, then watch it crawl along in a lifelike manner.

TUMBLING BLOCKS are magical. They can turn animals into fish or birds—and back again—merely by flipping the top block. Hold the set of blocks between your thumb and fingers, then rotate the top block one-half turn and watch the others flip-flop end to end. Turn the top block back one-half turn, and the blocks will cascade in the opposite direction. The secret of operation is in a double hinge made with cords.

To make a set, you need four



Tumbling Blocks

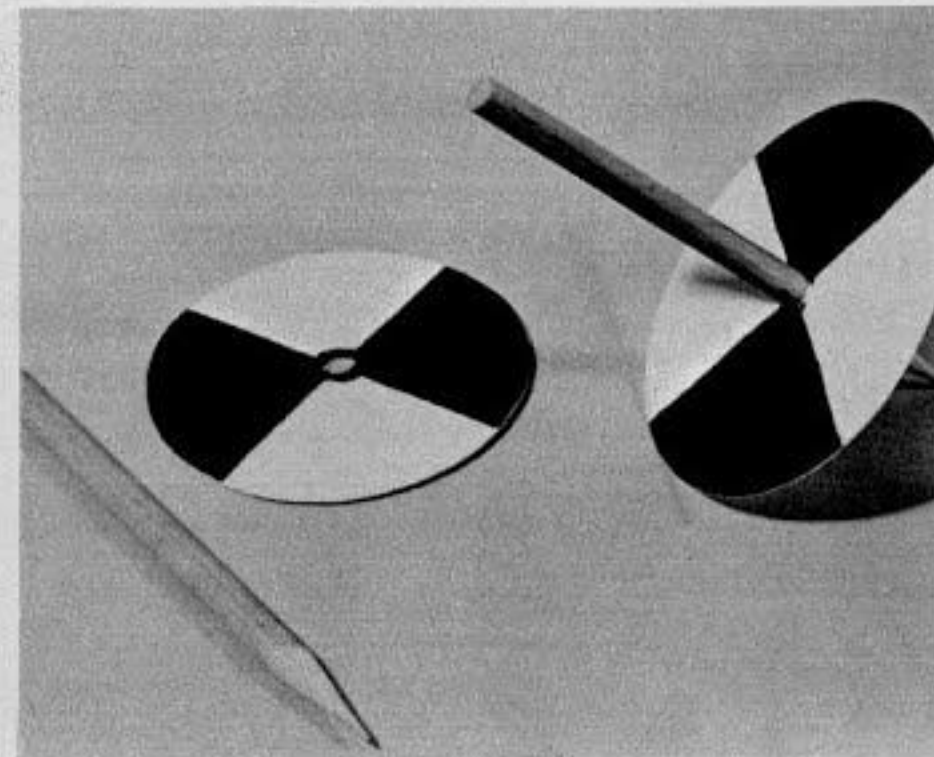
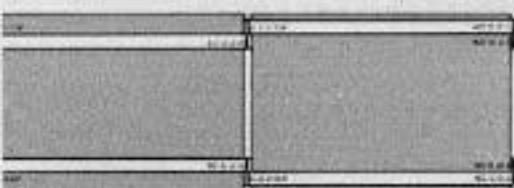
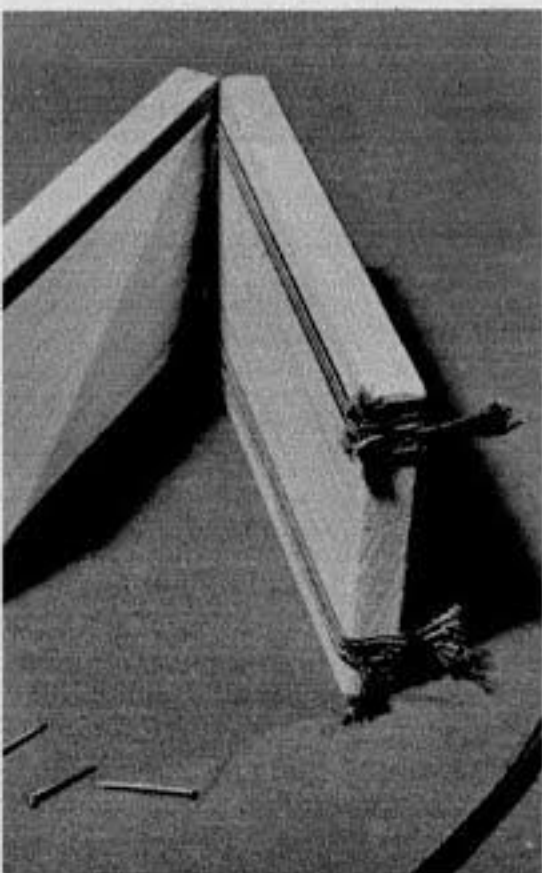
¼" x 2¾" x 3½" pieces of pine or basswood, two 34" lengths of middy braid or shoelace and twenty ½" No. 20 wire nails.

Following the sketch (above center), fasten the cords to the blocks with the wire nails. Use a pair of long-nose pliers to hold and push the nails into the end grain of the blocks rather than try to hammer them in. A drop of white glue placed on the nail heads will anchor the cords to the nails.

Add pictures if you like. Pictures on the backs of the blocks must be fastened upside down so they will be right side up

Buzz Saws





Spinning Tops

when the blocks are tumbled. A novel and baffling display can be made by placing animals on the front and trees on the back. As the blocks are flipped over, the animals disappear into the forest. Another interesting arrangement will let you turn wood into stone. Glue pieces of wood-grained contact-type vinyl on the front side and a stone pattern on the back.

BUZZ SAWS: The whine of the saw blade cutting logs into lumber at the local sawmill was a familiar sound in pioneer days. So children imitated it with this simple toy.

You can make a buzz saw two ways—use a large overcoat button or a 2" diameter cardboard disk with notches cut in the rim for the saw blade. Punch two small holes about $\frac{1}{4}$ " apart in the center of the cardboard disk, then thread a 40" length of string through the holes and tie the ends together to form a loop. To thread the button, feed the string through two opposite holes and tie to form the loop.

To make the saw buzz, hook the ends of the loop over each thumb. The disk or button must be in the center of the string. Now swing the saw in a circle to wind up the string. Next, pull gently outward, causing the saw to rotate and completely unwind the string, then release the tension as the centrifugal force of the revolving blade winds up the string in the opposite direction. Continued pulling and releasing the tension will keep your buzz saw going.

SPINNING TOPS are very old toys. These are easy to make and require only 3" diameter cardboard disks and 5" lengths of $\frac{1}{4}$ " wood dowel, or substitute round pencils.

Before cutting out the disks, draw two lines at right angles to each other. Color opposite quarters—use any colors. Drill a $\frac{1}{4}$ " hole in the center of each disk. Point one end of each dowel in a pencil sharpener, then push dowel through disk.

To spin, roll dowel between

palms of hands, then let top rotate on a smooth surface.

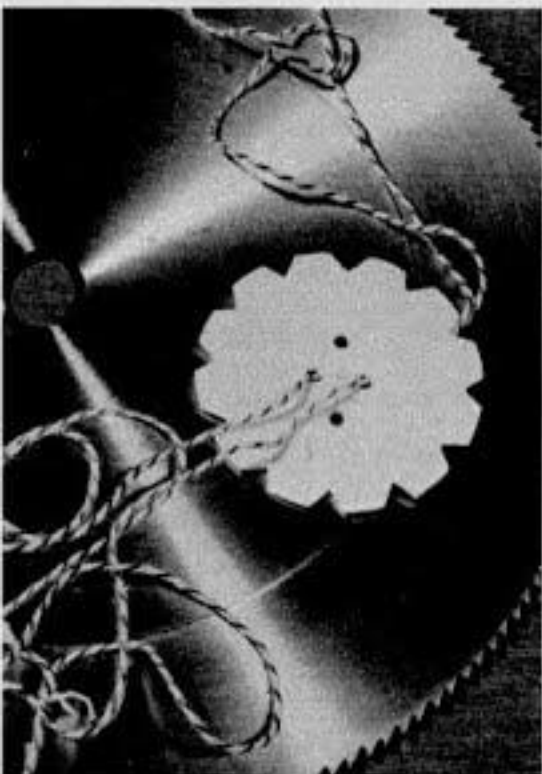
TIPCAT is a game that requires two players. It is similar to our modern hockey game. The object of the game is to see which player can knock the tipcat over his goal first. Two goals are selected (two telephone poles can be used as markers) with a starting point in between.

To make this interesting game, you need two 20" and one 3" length of broomstick or $\frac{3}{8}$ " wood dowel. To make the tipcat, whittle, file, or turn on a wood lathe the 3" length to

form it into an elliptical sausage shape.

To play the game, each player holds a long stick in his hand. The tipcat is placed on the ground between the players. Players touch ends of sticks on the ground at each end of the tipcat, then raise sticks and touch together over tipcat, returning to the ground, continuing sequence three times. After the third time each player tries to hit the end of the tipcat to make it fly up, after which it is hit like a baseball. Tipcat must be in the air to drive it toward the goal.

Tipcat



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PROGRAM HELPS NOVEMBER

Program Helps is designed to assist boys and leaders by listing features in this issue of Boys' Life that will help with activities, advancement, crafts, and next month's Cub Scout theme and Boy Scout program features. The Cub Scout theme for November is Early Colonists; the Webelos activity badge is Sportsman; the Boy Scout program features are Tracking and Trailing, Mapping and Compass, and Membership Roundup.

CBE Page 14 . . . FISHING . . . Wolf—Fishing; Webelos—Sportsman . . . Fishing merit badge . . . Explorer social area.

CBE Page 16 . . . MAKING THE SCENE . . . Wolf—Conservation, Birds; Bear—Wildlife Conservation; Webelos—Naturalist . . . All ranks—Good Turn; Bird Study, Conservation of Natural Resources merit badges . . . Explorer citizenship, vocational, service areas.

CBE Page 18 . . . SHAPE UP: BASIC LEG WORKOUT . . . Wolf—Feats of Skill, Sports; Bear—Backyard Gym, Sports; Webelos—Athlete, Sportsman . . . Athletics, Personal Fitness merit badges . . . Explorer personal fitness area.

CBE Page 23 . . . KNOW THE SCORE . . . Webelos—Sportsman . . . Athletics, Personal Fitness merit badges . . . Explorer personal fitness area.

CBE Page 24 . . . FINDING A LIBRARY BOOK . . . Wolf—Books; Webelos—Scholar . . . Reading merit badge . . . Explorer social area.

CBE Page 40 . . . TIME OUT FOR SPORTS . . . Wolf—Baseball, Sports; Bear—Sports; Webelos—Athlete, Sportsman . . . Athletics, Personal Fitness merit badges . . . Explorer personal fitness area.

BE Page 46 . . . HOW SUPERTRACKER DOES IT . . . November Boy Scout program feature; Second Class—Tracking; Nature merit badge . . . Explorer outdoor area.

C Page 48 . . . A COLONIAL TIMES PARTY . . . November Cub Scout theme; Wolf—Parties and Gifts, Cooking; Bear—American Heritage.

C Page 50 . . . CANDLE MAKING . . . November Cub Scout theme; Bear—American Heritage.

BE Page 51 . . . PEDRO PATROL . . . November Boy Scout program feature; Second Class—Compass and Mapping; First Class—Mapping . . . Explorer outdoor area.

CB Page 56 . . . SIDEWALK NATURE TRAIL . . . Wolf—Conservation, Birds; Bear—Wildlife Conservation, Nature Crafts; Webelos—Naturalist . . . Second Class—Wildlife; Bird Study, Conservation of Natural Resources merit badges.

C Page 60 . . . OLD TIME TOYS AND GAMES . . . November Cub Scout theme; Wolf—Whittling, Handicraft, Parties and Gifts; Bear—Woodworking, American Heritage.

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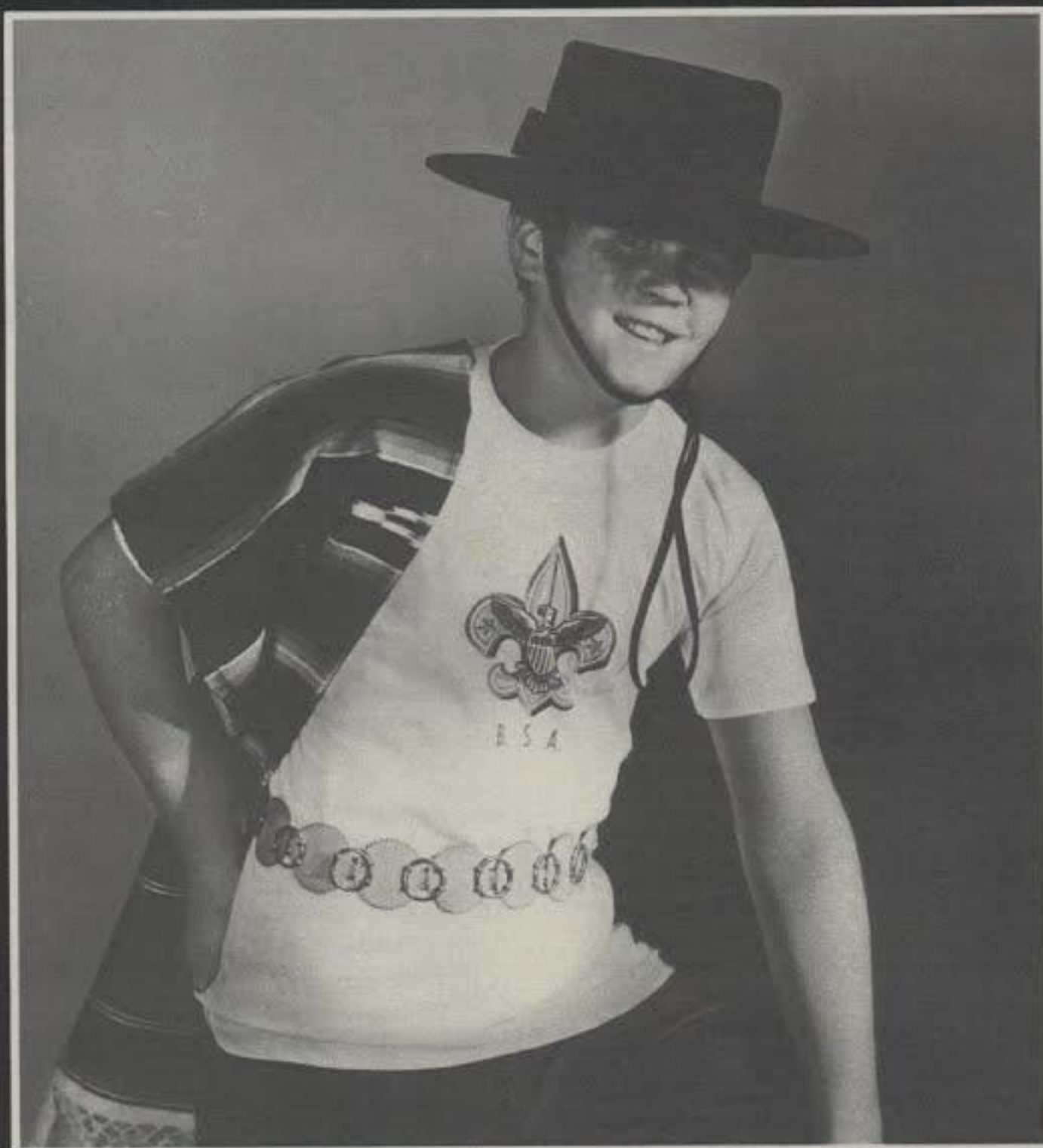
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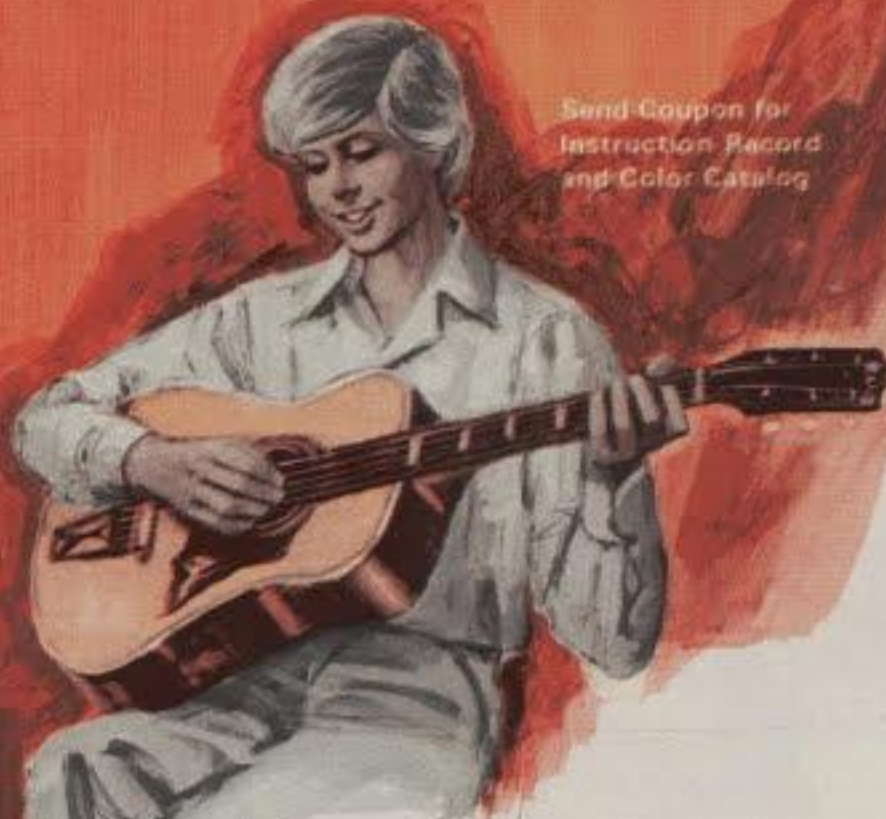
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A Race Against Fire

By IRWIN ROSS

You never would have picked James M. Root as a breaker of records. Slight and amiable, he had no trace of bravado about him. But in 1894 the mildest of railroaders dreamed of achieving a speed record that would stand for a month, a year, perhaps for a decade.

Even the small lines were out for their share of the honors. That was one factor that influenced the St. Paul & Duluth to put on a limited—a fast train making few stops. Engineer Jim Root regularly whittled a few minutes off the advertised schedule. One day, when he was on the down run with gravity in his favor, he would show those Easterners a thing or two.

Saturday, September 1, didn't seem to be the day to do it. His near-capacity passenger load of about 200 gave him extra weight. And visibility was poor when his train, pulled by Engine No. 4, rolled out of Duluth at 2 P.M.

Smoldering stumps and sawdust piles had kept the Minnesota air filled with thin blue smoke for days. Now, 10 miles north of Hinckley station, the passengers became nervous as smoke grew thick. In the locomotive, Jim leaned forward, trying to see beyond the stabbing glow of his headlight.

A mile from the station, Root heard a persistent roar over the pounding of his locomotive. He threw on the brakes, hard.

"I can't make it," he told his fireman, Jack McGowan. "That's a big fire, with plenty of wind behind it."

An instant later they felt the first shock of heat. A half-clad youngster sprinted up the track.

"More coming!" he puffed. "Hinckley's burning! Half the town is dead!"

Refugees came streaming toward the train. Some of the women carried babies, others clutched household goods. Their hair was singed, holes were burned in their clothing. In seconds, nearly 100 people clambered aboard.

"Can't get to Hinckley," one refugee panted. "The trestle over Grindstone River is on fire."

Root threw No. 4 into reverse and gave her all the steam he dared. The nearest water was six miles back up the line, and already he could see flames leaping through the treetops.

A high wind was pushing the fire. Leaping and twirling, the flames darted like frenzied demons. No. 4 had hardly got under way before a blast of superheated air caught her.

Jim had turned sidewise in his seat, and that act probably saved his life, for every pane of glass in the cab was shattered simultaneously. At the same instant, many of the windows in the coaches were smashed. Crossties were blazing on both sides of the track, and the baggage car caught fire.

The fire attacked the unprotected cab with all its fury. Root slumped over his throttle, unconscious. His shirt blazed, and the grimy side curtains disappeared in a burst of flame.

Fireman McGowan, who had been shielded from the worst of the heat, snatched a bucket and began dipping water from the locomotive's tank. Doused with the first bucket, Root regained consciousness. Instinctively he

peered at the steam gauge. "Just ninety-five pounds," he moaned.

He tested the air brake, then eased the throttle toward full open. Swaying and bucking, the flaming train raced backward. But it could not outdistance the merciless wind. Flames were scurrying along the inside woodwork of the cab; huge blisters appeared on every painted surface. Even the coal in the tender was ablaze.

Root's hands had swelled so that he found it hard to bend his fingers. Each fresh blast from the pursuing inferno rocked him on his seat. He fell from it so often that he lost count.

Each time, McGowan threw water on him and lifted him back. Between his dashes to the front of the cab, the fireman retreated to his shelter and emptied the bucket over his own head.

Back in the coaches, most of the passengers wept and moaned. One man kissed his wife, then jumped through a window into the flames. Two elderly Chinese, crouched near an open door, refused to move in spite of warnings. They burned to death where they knelt. O. Rowley, general passenger agent of the Winnipeg & Duluth Railroad, staggered off the train. His body was found later, near the tracks.

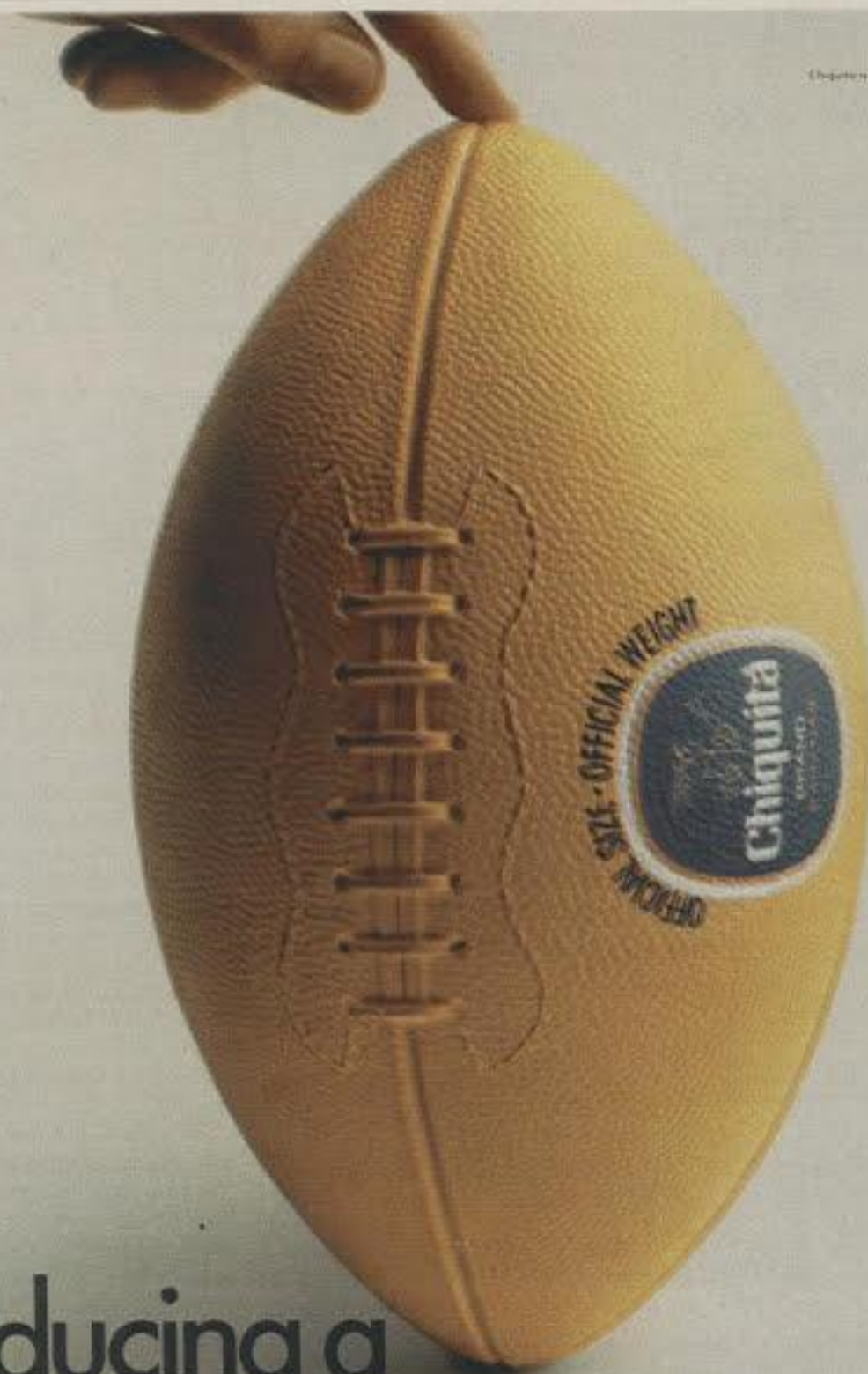
Sobbing and gasping, Jim Root stopped the train. Though he could not see through the smoke, he knew from landmarks beside the track that they had reached Skunk Lake. His passengers staggered down, ripped barbed wire off posts, and plunged into the 18 inches of slimy water. Root himself was too far gone to make it.

When they pulled his hands off the throttle, the skin stayed on the iron. His hair and eyebrows were burned off, his face was one livid blister. There seemed little hope that he could survive his terrible burns, but

McGowan insisted on dragging him to the pond. Dawn found Root breathing but unconscious—unable to see the twisted iron scattered along the track, all that was still left of his crack limited.

Jim Root lived, yet never came close to establishing a high-speed railroad record. He didn't need to, for, crawling backward at an estimated 18 mph, he had saved 50 lives a mile!

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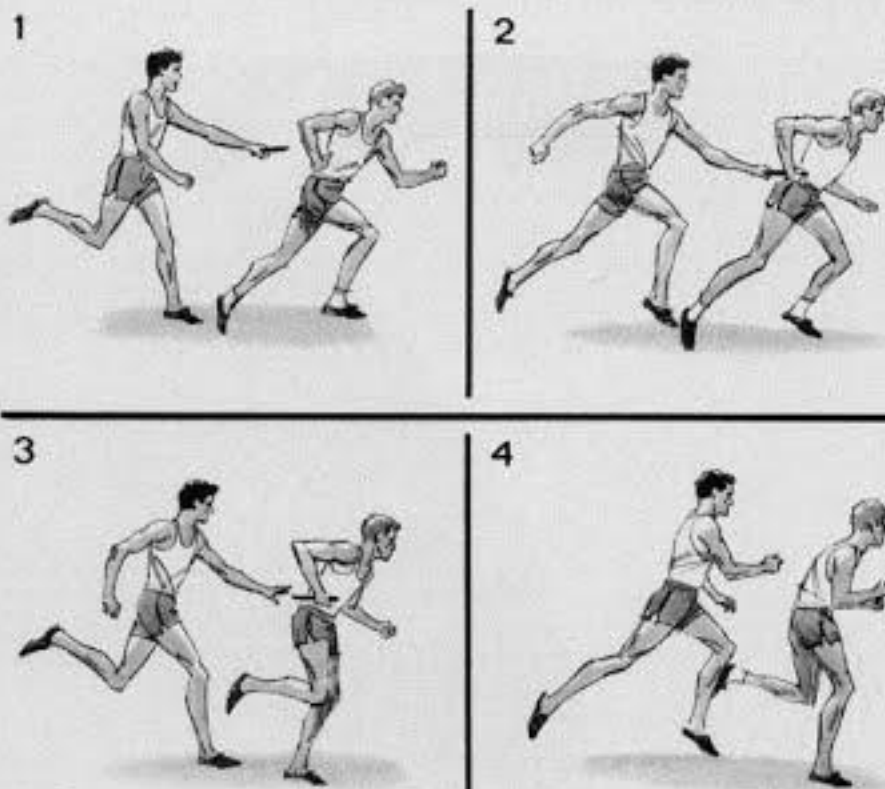
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PASS THE BATON

By HOWARD BLOOMENTHAL



In relay track events, passing the baton properly to your teammate often can decide who wins the race.

How the baton should be passed depends on the length of the relay race. If it is a middle-distance relay, the outgoing runner keeps his eyes on the incoming runner and takes the baton from him; if it is a sprint relay, the outgoing runner does not keep his eyes on the incoming runner and the incoming runner must give the baton to him.

The usual middle-distance competition is the one-mile relay—with each man running a leg of 440 yards. (In the Olympics, the equivalent event is the 1,600-meter relay.) Sometimes two- and four-mile relays also are run. The common sprint relays are 440 and 880 yards. (Their metric equivalents are the 400- and 800-meter relays.)

Regardless of the distance, the baton exchange zone is 20 yards (20 meters—about 22 yards—in a metric race). Here are some of the techniques used in and around that zone:

SPRINT RELAY TECHNIQUES

The two main sprint exchange methods are the basket pass and the arm-extended pass. In either case the waiting runner stands turned partly sideways so that he can see a mark he and his incoming partner have previously agreed on. The heel of his back foot is just inside the back line of the zone, both feet pointed in the direction of his run. As soon as the incoming man hits that mark, the out-

going runner faces front and takes off as fast as he can go. Ignoring his partner and the impending exchange, he concentrates on building up speed. On his seventh or eighth stride, still facing forward and concentrating on accelerating, he places his right hand in position to receive the baton. Putting the baton in his grasp is the responsibility of the unseen incoming runner.

The Basket Pass. In this method, the receiving runner places the tips of his fingers against his hip, with the palm facing upward, taking care to keep his thumb out of the way. He thus forms a "basket" in which his partner can place the baton (as in the illustration above). The advantages of this pass are (1) it is safer, with less likelihood of dropping the baton, and (2) it affects least the arm and shoulder swing needed for rapid acceleration. A disadvantage is that it sacrifices a "free distance" of about two feet that could be gained on each pass by having the receiver reach back for the baton. Three such passes in the relay could add up to six feet less running—a fairly important distance in a sprint.

The Arm-Extended Pass. In this type of exchange, the receiver extends his hand backward underarm with his thumb and index finger forming a wide inverted "V" opening downward. The incoming runner swings the baton up into the grasp of the receiver. The disadvantage of the basket pass is the advantage of this exchange;

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the distance the arm is extended back is additional distance that does not have to be run. On the other hand, holding the arm extended backward makes it harder to pick up speed. While somewhat less safe than the basket pass, the arm-extended method is still not very risky.

Setting the Check Mark. The mark, the reaching of which sets off the receiving runner, is fixed through trial and error so that in a sprint relay the transfer is not completed until the last two or three yards of the zone. This permits the receiver to get going full speed before taking over.

MIDDLE-DISTANCE RELAY TECHNIQUES

The longer relays require different techniques mainly because a runner, after racing a quarter mile or more, is likely to be too tired to take on the main responsibility for the exchange. In this case the receiver keeps his eye on his partner all the way. As his teammate draws near, he leans forward to start, but still keeps his head turned to watch the exchange. His receiving arm is extended back to provide an immediate target.

The Overarm Extension Pass. The arm is outstretched overarm with the palm facing outward. The incoming runner holds the baton up straight so the receiver can grasp it.

The Underarm Extension Pass. This is the same as the arm-extended pass of the sprint relays except that the receiver extends his arm immediately and, himself watching the exchange, grasps the baton from his teammate.

Timing the Exchange. In middle-distance relays, the

exchange should take place as close as possible to the beginning of the exchange zone without loss of momentum. First, the receiver, being fresher, should run as much of the zone as possible, and, second, the sooner he

can turn front, the faster he can get up speed.

The relay runner—sprint or middle-distance—usually also has to make another kind of baton exchange. This is shifting the baton from the right

hand, in which he received it, to the left hand, with which he will give it. This should be done immediately after receiving the baton so that the runner can forget about it and concentrate on his running.



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Stamps & Coins



COMING U.S. Watch the bulletin board in your Post Office for news of forthcoming new issues. The two Christmas stamps, to be issued early in November, will be especially attractive this year. The list of commemoratives for 1972 will be announced soon.

FAMOUS PAINTINGS. Considerable enthusiasm is being shown by a large number of topical collectors for the many beautiful famous paintings that are appearing on stamps. A collector has to be careful, however, that what he is getting is a real stamp, one that was issued for postal purposes, not a label, printed by a questionable group to mislead the unwary collector.

WHAT TO COLLECT. "The great number of new stamps is so overwhelming that I can't keep up," is a comment that comes from many readers. Here is the procedure used by one: He writes, "I have a worldwide album into which I put any stamp that comes to me, with the idea that some day I might tackle Switzerland, or French Colonies, or British Empire or some other country. I work actively on U.S. and United Nations. I work 'semi-actively' on Canada and Australia. This is a program of a size that I can keep up with." Sounds reasonable and forward-looking.

U.N. POSTAL DISPLAY. Whenever you're in New York, be sure to see the display of stamps available at the U. N. building. You might write for a list to: U. N. Post Office, United Nations, N. Y. 10017.

BAHAMA COINS. A nine-coin proof set of coins, ranging from 1-cent pieces to one of \$5, was released recently from the Bahama Islands. The 15-cent piece is square and the 10-cent piece has scalloped edges. The others are round.

EAGLE. No country other than the U.S. portrays the bald eagle on its coinage.

BIG MONEY. The present size paper currency of the U.S. was first issued in 1929. Look at one of the old size bills and try to figure out how people managed to carry them.

U.S. FAVORITES. Reprints of an article appearing in the S.P.A. Journal are available free to anyone sending a stamped self-addressed envelope to me at 3 Linwood Place, North Brunswick, N.J. 08902.

KNOW THE STORY. It is a mark of a true philatelist to know something about his stamps—why they were issued, what their special significance is, as well as something about the country issuing them. When your stamps lead you to look up information in an encyclopedia or other reference book, and to ask questions, you're on your way to becoming a philatelist.

STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS. Among the most attractive stamps of recent years are the recently issued Pro Patria 1971 stamps from Switzerland. The stamps reproduce glass paintings of contemporary artists presenting sacred motifs. Ninety percent of the proceeds of the additional charge for the stamps will go for the promotion of National Health.

WHAT BECOMES OF THEM? During a typical month the U.S. Mint produces more than a half billion coins. It is not unusual for this number of one-cent pieces to be minted in a single month. What becomes of all these coins? After many months those that are badly worn are destroyed, but 500 million coins per month? Wow!

EIGHT-SIDED COIN. An eight-sided \$50 U.S. gold piece issued in commemoration of the Panama-Pacific Exposition held in San Francisco in 1915, was recently sold at the N.Y. Numismatic Convention.

FIRST-DAY COVERS. Whenever a new U.S. stamp is issued, many thousands of collectors send envelopes to the Postmaster at the first-day-of-issue location to have a copy of the new stamp attached and the cover postmarked with the place and date of the first day of issue. These covers become collectors' items and are attractive when used for displays at school and at stamp exhibitions. First-day covers make good items to trade with other collectors.

—WALTER G. MacPEEK

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Yankee at the Ramparts

By PETER BURCHARD

Robert Gould Shaw waited with his men in the gathering darkness, waited for the signal to attack.

Fort Wagner was barely visible, a hulking shape against the sky. With Forts Sumter, Moultrie, Johnson and others, it guarded the entrance to Charleston harbor. The Federal vessels, standing offshore, were silent now. They had shelled the fort incessantly all afternoon.

The young, blue-eyed New Englander walked among his black soldiers, men recruited in the North to fight in what to them was an alien land. Shaw spoke in soft, affectionate tones, barely heard above the hissing sea. "I want you to prove yourselves," he said. "The eyes of thousands will look on what you do tonight."

A friend remembered that Shaw was pale. "A slight twitching at the corners of his mouth plainly showed that the cost was counted."

Shaw's life had pointed to this moment, to this spit of sand, this hot July evening in 1863. He was the son of an antislavery family. Born to wealth, he had traveled in Europe, studied in Switzerland and at Harvard. He had quit his studies to work in New York. From the first, he had been a supporter of Lincoln and, as war clouds gathered, he followed Lincoln's progress closely. When war started, he rallied to the colors, joining New York's Seventh Regiment, marching off through tumultuous crowds.

In May of 1861, Shaw was commissioned in the Second Massachusetts Regiment. If there were blacks in the Second, they were orderlies, stableboys, and cooks. There were no known black fighting men in the U.S. Army in 1861.

Shaw served the Second proudly, especially at Antietam, that great battle that helped turn the tide in favor of the Union.

After Antietam, Confederate

spirits began to falter. And European countries, notably England, were less inclined to support the South.

Lincoln read the signs. He presented to his cabinet the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation, in which he announced that in January of the new year all slaves in states in rebellion against the Union would be free.

Soldiers in the field, including Shaw, greeted the proclamation coolly. Shaw wrote, "Wherever our army has been there remain no slaves, and the Proclamation will not free them where we don't go."

Then he voiced a common fear: "Jeff Davis will soon issue a proclamation threatening to hang every prisoner they take and will make this a war of extermination."

Shaw's parents and friends, most of whom had toiled to abolish slavery, hailed Lincoln's action. Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote in part, "The force of this act is that it commits the country to this justice. Done, it cannot be undone. It makes a victory of our defeats."

Whatever he thought of Lincoln's proclamation, Shaw was strong in his antislavery views. And he believed that black men must fight for the Union, to

prove themselves and free the slaves. His parents had been among the first to speak and work against slavery. With Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, British-born actress Fanny Kemble, Frederick Douglass, and countless other Northern liberals, they had crusaded against the American shame.

If the coming of 1863 marked a turning point in the Civil War, it also marked the beginning of black participation in the Union cause. True, two black regiments were in existence, the First and Second South Carolina, made up of slaves abandoned in the sea islands of South Carolina and Georgia when the islands were occupied by Union soldiers in 1861, but these regiments were not engaged in serious fighting.

Governor Andrew, short, bouncy, and fiercely energetic, started things off with a visit to Secretary of War Stanton. Regiments were raised by state governors, but Secretary Stanton must authorize them. Stanton, too, was a forceful man and capable of terrorizing people, but he gave Andrew grudging approval, saying he could organize military units that might "... include persons of African descent."

Andrew started recruiting right away, in Massachusetts and in other states and Canada. He asked Shaw to lead the new regiment and, after a day or so of soul-searching, Shaw accepted Governor Andrew's assignment.

Feelings ran high on the bright day in May when the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts paraded through the streets of Boston. Beside his men, straight on a gleaming horse, rode Shaw, a colonel now, at 26. As the column passed his family's house, rose brick and brilliant white, Shaw raised his sword and kissed it, glancing at the balcony where his wife, Annie, and other members of his family watched, above the crowd that lined the street.

The regiment boarded a transport that night. They served in the sea islands six weeks before they had a chance to fight.

Under the command of James Montgomery, a fanatical abolitionist, they were present at the burning of Darien, a pretty coastal town in Georgia. Shaw was outraged at the order to burn Darien, and told his men to stand idle. Later, Montgomery showed his colors again. He offered Shaw's soldiers short pay. When they refused it, Montgomery said, "You have not proved yourselves as soldiers." Congress set the matter right in 1864.

The burning of the town was a bitter pill. The story was reported in the North. Shaw was ashamed. He felt that he and his regiment had been dishonored.

Two days before they landed on Morris Island, Shaw's men proved themselves in battle. Near Fort Wagner, on James Island, they withstood a withering attack. James Wilson, a strikingly handsome man, held off five attackers single-handed.

Now the Fifty-fourth faced Fort Wagner, a formidable earthwork spanning the north tip of Morris Island.

The signal was given. Shaw



Robert Gould Shaw

moved forward slowly, leading his men, straining to see what lay ahead. The way became narrow. The men on the right marched in the sea, those on the left on the edge of a swamp. Suddenly the enemy broke silence. A sheet of flame, followed by a running fire like electric sparks, swept along the parapet.

Shaw dashed forward, his sword flashing in the yellow light. His men followed, running into heavy shelling. Shaw crossed a moat fed by the sea, and led his men straight up the rutted slope. He reached the crest, raised his sword high, was caught for a moment in a flash of light, and pitched forward into the fort. His body lay beside that of one of his sergeants.

Shaw's regiment and those that followed were driven back, and the attack on Wagner became a rout. General Strong, who had made the Fifty-fourth the spearhead of the attack, was killed. More than 1,500 Union soldiers died in the attack. Fewer than 200 Confederates perished. But, for the soldiers of the Fifty-fourth, it was a great victory. They had proved themselves beyond a shadow of doubt. Even enemy soldiers saluted the bravery of the blacks. A confederate lieutenant said that Shaw's men "... fought gallantly and were headed by as brave a colonel as ever lived." He said that they were a fine-looking set of soldiers— "... large, strong, muscular fellows."

A phoenix rose from the ashes of

defeat. The shedding of blood at Fort Wagner broke the dam of prejudice. Throughout the North, Shaw and his men were highly praised, and two were cited for bravery.

Nine months after her husband's death, Robert Shaw's wife watched proudly as New York sent its first black regiment to war. Those who knew her were deeply moved by the

sight of pretty little Annie Shaw, whose husband's leadership had hastened the day when blacks in great numbers would fight for their oppressed brothers.



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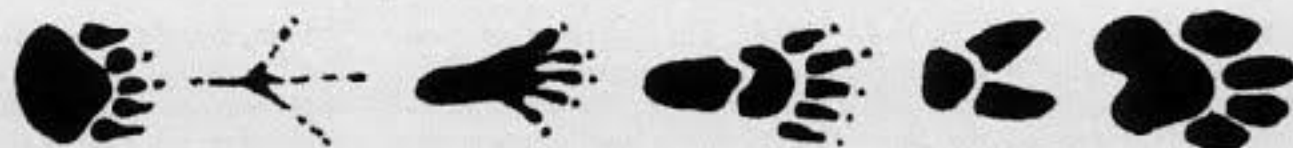
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The Peregrine Falcon

When the peregrine falcon, on long, pointed wings, cuts through the air at top speed, there is scarcely another bird anywhere that can catch him. And even if one could, it might be a bad idea.

Most of the world's remaining peregrine falcons nest in the vast lonely Arctic. Those I saw recently had staked out a property with a spectacular view, far up on the side of a cliff. Here they could see passing caribou looking for lichens, and now and then an Eskimo looking for caribou. We beached our small boat and started hiking toward the cliff, which stood boldly against the Arctic sky.

Even before we saw the falcons, they spotted us and they set up an immediate protest against our invasion of their neighborhood. The female circled in tight spirals, alternately climbing and losing altitude. She screamed at us constantly in harsh, high-pitched notes.

Somewhat smaller and not as bold, the male bird was on the wing also. There was no way we could have touched the nest and young if we had wanted to. The parents had selected a rocky ledge that only fliers could reach, and lifting their downy heads above the edge of the shelf were at least three nestlings too young to fly. They stared down to see what all the ruckus was about, but they sat tight and let their parents do all the screaming.

In such a place it was difficult to believe that these strong birds are in serious trouble. The old birds, powerful and alert, patrolled the skies, and in the nest were vigorous healthy young peregrines to replace the old ones when the time comes. But this was a rare sight. The peregrine falcon is just one more of the world's big birds whose fortunes have taken a sharp turn for the worse in recent times.

To outdoorsmen everywhere this is a sad turn of events. For centuries the noble peregrine has been a special favorite of men who keep falcons for hunting. Even today, a trained peregrine is worth several thousand dollars in some parts of the world, and the young sometimes are stolen from the nest for illegal sale.

Strength and speed—the peregrine has both. When seen close up he has a look of compact built-in power. The male bird is about a foot and a half long. When he spreads his wings, they span 43 inches from tip to tip. Dark steel blue above, the peregrine's underparts are lighter colored with heavy crossbar markings. The top and sides of his head are black.

When seen on the wing the peregrine is unforgettable. He belongs to the wind, and is at home in the sky. During his remarkable



This powerful bird is among the endangered.

By GEORGE LAYCOCK

courtship flight in spring, the male may ride the updrafts a mile into the sky, on wings that seem not to move. Or he may turn his head toward the clouds and climb with powerful strokes of his amazing wings until he is a speck in the clouds far above the eyrie.

Then watch him plunge downward, wings folded and head pointed to the earth. He gains speed by first pounding his wings against the air a dozen or two dozen times, plunging faster and faster with each stroke, until wind rushes over his feathers with a whirring sound. No one knows for certain how fast the peregrine may fly in one of these spectacular sky dives, but estimates run up to 200 miles an hour. Then, displaying for his mate, he may level off, swoop up, and do a whole series of complete loops. Whether or not all this impresses the female, we have no way of knowing. But it should impress other birds in the area, especially those on which the peregrine feeds.

Naturalists have seen peregrines pursue prey, such as petrels, pigeons, doves, and sandpipers, apparently with no intention at all of killing them, at least not at the moment. One was seen to dive full speed downward on a cormorant, level off above the slower bird, and touch it on the back with its talons. The peregrine turned lazily up-

ward again and left the startled cormorant to escape unharmed.

Apparently peregrines have never developed the knack of building their own nests of sticks. They often occupy stick nests on the cliffs where they live, but these are usually nests built by the rough-legged hawk. In the Arctic, these two big predatory fliers may nest on the same cliffs. They do not, however, make the best of neighbors. The peregrine that spots a rough-legged hawk carrying a stick may rise into the sky, dive on the hawk, and make it drop the stick.

When there is no secondhand nest available, the peregrine will scratch away earth and refuse that might be on the ledge. This shapes the space into a shallow dish where she can lay her eggs without having them roll off the edge to the rocks below. The peregrine usually lays three or four eggs, then takes turns with her mate keeping them incubated for the 28 days needed for them to hatch.

Until recently there was scarcely a part of the world where peregrines were not seen at least part of the year. They were found on every continent. In North America they nested from the edge of the Arctic Ocean southward as far as Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Texas.

Even the advance of man across the country and into its wild regions did not seem to bother the peregrines too much. They were capable of living on a variety of birds that they simply picked out of the air as they needed them. A pigeon seems just about the right size for a peregrine falcon's meal, so pigeon owners never liked peregrines much. As man's cities and farming areas grew, times were good for the wild pigeons. Falcons moved into some of the larger cities where they were always within reach of a pigeon dinner. The peregrines nested on the ledges of tall buildings, and returned to them each year—skyscrapers in New York City, castles in Germany, and a cathedral in England.

Meanwhile, egg collectors climbed the cliffs, especially during the 1920's and 1930's, and robbed the nests. Falconers took the nestlings and sometimes the adults, too. Pigeon owners shot them. Others simply shot falcons because they were "hawks," or just because they were up there flying around.

Even with all this pressure, the peregrines hung on. They were still surviving in good numbers throughout much of their original nesting range until about 1950.

Then, within the 15 years between 1950 and 1965, the peregrine falcons were suddenly vanishing. On the faces of the cliffs where falcons had lived for

countless centuries, young ones no longer were being raised.

In 1964, two University of Wisconsin wildlife specialists checked more than 200 locations in the eastern part of the United States where peregrines had been known to nest. After three months of checking cliff after cliff, and talking with other naturalists in many states, they came to a sad conclusion. No longer could they find a single nest of the peregrine falcon east of the Mississippi River.

Elsewhere, both in Europe and North America, these birds were disappearing from other regions where they had once been known to nest. Everywhere, except in the Far North, there had been a peregrine falcon disaster greater than any that men had ever recorded.

These dark times for the magnificent peregrine can most logically be traced to chemicals spread by man, especially the long-lasting insecticides such as DDT. Peregrines absorb the chemicals from their prey and gradually these chemicals accumulate in their tissues. They interfere with the falcon's ability to produce eggs with normal shells, and the birds lay eggs with shells so thin that they break before the young birds are hatched.

Along Arctic streams, and on the sides of cliffs in the Far North, the peregrine falcons still nest. But these same birds fly south for the winter, and there apparently pick up fresh supplies of

DDT with their food. So the future for the peregrine falcon, king of the wild blue skies, is bleak. In the autumn of 1970 the U.S. Department of the Interior sadly added the Arctic

peregrine falcon to its list of endangered wildlife. As the parent birds rise screaming into the Arctic sky, that human walking across the tundra below is a more dangerous enemy than

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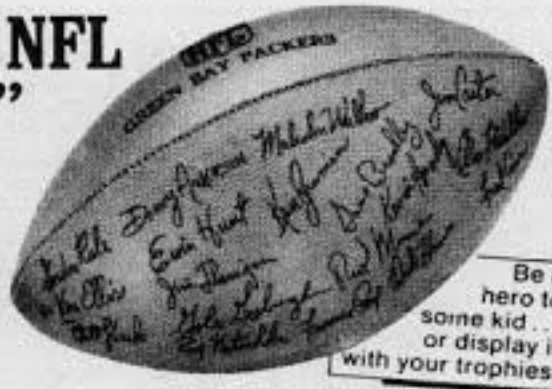
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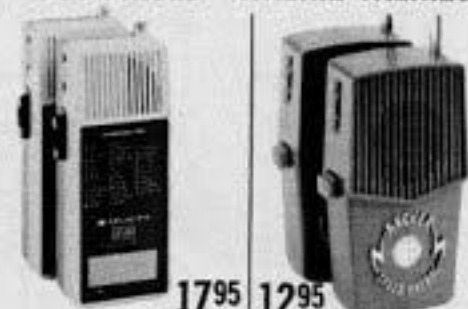
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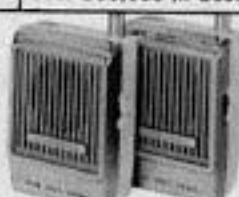


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How Pioneers Made Soap

By BILLIE SPENCER



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The origin of soap making is one of the mysteries in the story of man's progress. No one knows exactly when the first batch of soap was brewed and stirred and successfully used for washing or cleaning. One of the legends that has been told many times is about a native of Gaul who used a hairdressing made from goat oil and beech-tree ashes. Later, when he got caught in a rainstorm, a lather formed and for the first time man saw soapsuds.

Another legend, which probably is closer to the truth, tells that about 3,000 years ago, on Sapo Hill in Rome, grease from sacrificial animals became mixed with the ashes from the altar fires. When the mixture ran downhill into the Tiber River the washer-women found their laundry chores much easier. This also may be one of the first instances of water pollution.

When man first started actually making soap, the necessary alkali came from potash made from beechwood ashes. The Italians began manufacturing a crude kind of soap in the 600's, using fats or oils and potash. About a hundred years later, castile soap, made from olive oil instead of animal fats, was developed in Spain. Between 800 and 1200, France produced a hard bar of soap using the soda from seaweeds. During the latter part of this period, in an effort to expand the whaling industry, England

used whale oil to make a coarse kind of soap.

In 1791 a scientific discovery in France made it possible to mass-produce toilet and household soaps. Nicholas LeBlanc found that soda ash could be made from common salt, eliminating the use of wood or seaweed alkalies, which were both costly and impure. In 1823, Michel Eugene Chevreul made important discoveries about animal fats that did even more to promote an already-growing soap industry. Today the search goes on for new and better ways to produce better soap products.

Most pioneer homes had to be completely self-sufficient, and one of the most important jobs your grandparents and great-grandparents had was to make enough soap every spring to last through the year. Spring was usually the time chosen for soap making because all the ashes from winter fires had been carefully saved in a barrel. In addition, all the fat that could be spared from cooking was saved. When the hogs were butchered during the winter, the fat was rendered and stored for baking and frying and spring soap making.

Water was poured into the barrel of ashes and allowed to trickle out through a hole near the bottom. As the water seeped through the barrel it dissolved something in the ashes known as potash, which was in the form of a brown liquid essential to soap making. The liquid and the grease were mixed in certain proportions and boiled together in a large iron pot over an open fire. It was a slow process and usually the boys of the house had the job of keeping the fire going under the big kettle. After many hours of cooking, the mixture thickened until it was a soft, jelly-like, yellow mass. This was homemade soap, used to wash all the family, clothes, floors and sometimes probably even the family dog.

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Think and Grin



Mort: What's blue, green, yellow, purple, black, brown, orange, and red?

Alec: Beats me. I dunno.

Mort: A box of crayons.—Kerry St. George, Durham, N.H.

Yaz: Which team do you like the best, the Red Sox or the White Sox?

Luis: I prefer the Nylons.

Yaz: "The Nylons"? I don't think I ever heard of them. What makes them so great?

Luis: They get more runs.—R. Balmer, Plymouth, Mass.

Nanook: Where do Eskimos hide their money?

Wawook: In a snowbank.—Ralph Miller, Newfane, N.Y.

Defendant: I'm sorry I took the car, your honor.

Judge: Why did you do it?



Defendant: It was parked in front of the cemetery, so naturally I thought the owner was dead.—Tim Kuchta, Kansas City, Mo.

Sign on nervous, trigger-happy farmer's fence: "No trespassing. Survivors will be prosecuted."—Michael Ravicz, Novato, Calif.

Nosey: I see you have your arm in a sling. Broken?

Nice: Yes, sir.

Nosey: Accident?

Nice: No, I tried to pat myself on the back.

Nosey: What for?

Nice: For minding my own business.—John Roberts, Santa Clara, Calif.

Minister's prayer: May the members of my congregation be as free with their money as they are with advice, and may their minds be as open as their mouths.—Kirk Messmer, Henderson, Mich.

Show me a fat cat and I'll show you a flabby tabby.—Steve Hancock, Helena, Mont.

Daffynishion: Cyclops—Motorcycle policemen.—Mark Rivera, New York, N.Y.

A wife suggested to her husband, "Let's buy Junior a bike." "Do you think it'll improve his behavior?" asked the hopeful husband. "No," answered the wife, "but at least it'll spread it over the neighborhood."—John Ulrich, La Mirada, Calif.

Daffynishion: Ant—A small, hard-working insect that always finds time to go to picnics.—Ronald Ritter, Mifflintown, Pa.

Cowboy: Why are horses so hard to get along with?

City boy: Could be that they are always saying "Neigh."—W. Seward, High Point, N.C.

Nothing improves your driving like being followed by a policeman.—David Klaus, LeMay, Mo.

Prof: Sylvester!

Sylvester: Yes, sir?

Prof: What does it mean when the barometer starts falling?

Sylvester: I guess it means that whoever nailed it up didn't do a good job.—Jim Miller, Pacoima, Calif.

Daffynishion: Sandals—Shoes with a blowout.—Bruce Van Pelt, Kimball, Nebr.

Doctor to man just put on diet: You can eat anything you like. Now here's a list of the things you're going to like.—Neil Boston, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Jill: Do you think anyone can predict the future with cards?

Will: My mom can. She takes one look at my report card and she can tell exactly what my dad will say when he gets home.—Michael Robey, Van Wert, Ohio.

One day a man walking across the street was hit by a car that came zooming around a corner. The pedestrian flew up into the air, did three flips, and landed on his back. The driver screeched to a halt and, ignoring the fact that he had hit the man, said, "You shouldn't

be lying in the road like that." The stricken man replied, "What's the matter, you gonna back up and try again?"—Ken Ritter, Middletown, N.Y.

Mother: How far were you from the right answer on the test?

Willy: Just two seats.—Mark Alexander, Honea Path, S.C.

Middle-aged lady: I don't want to wind up an old maid.



Doctor: OK. Bring her in and I'll wind her up.—Rich Hoffmann, Springfield, Ill.

Daffynishion: Mountain range—Stove used at high altitudes.—Mike Fisher, Spokane, Wash.

Boob: What time is it?

Bob: Two o'clock.

Boob: That's funny. I've been

asking the same question all day and I've been getting a different answer each time.—Mike Farrell, Concord, N.C.

Customer: Waiter, I can't tell if this is tea or coffee. It tastes like gasoline.

Waiter: It must be coffee, sir. Our tea tastes like kerosene.—Joe Leak, Lizton, Ind.

Husband to wife: If nature had intended you to have a fur coat, she would have given you one when you were born.—George Shouse, Huntington Beach, Calif.

Electrician: Madam, your doorbell doesn't work because it has a short circuit.

Housewife: Well, don't just stand there, lengthen it.—Donald Thompson, Raymond, N.H.

Mary had a little lamb,
His feet were black as soot.
And into Mary's bread and jam
His sooty foot he put.—Jimmy Kelley, Calais, Maine.

Usher in dark theater: May I help you, sir?

Patron: I lost a caramel.

Usher: Oh, I thought it was something important.

Patron: It is. My teeth are in it.—Jay Colby, Walden, N.Y.



"Relax, Gus."



I sold all my Christmas Packs in less than an hour to my teachers at school. I already have a list of buyers for next Christmas.

Bob Ohi
Ohio



I thought Christmas Packs sold last year, but my second year, it's unbelievable. Rush me another order.

Donald Bradford
Missouri



So far this year I've sold 100 Christmas Packs, and am ordering more today. It's a wonderful way to make Christmas Money.

Tim McDaniel
Kansas



The prizes I'm getting were just a dream before I found out about Christmas Packs. I'll be selling next year, too.

Barbara Kruszevska
Conn.



In only 8 hours I made enough to buy my Cub Scout Uniform, pay my dues and buy Christmas Presents. Everybody wants them.

Ken Hofert
Illinois



My Christmas Packs sold so fast it was easy and fun. My prize money will go toward my College fund.

Debbie Lovell
Maine



When a kid needs money this is a quick way to get some. They sell just because you get so much for so little.

Michael Roy
Ohio



people all round my neighborhood liked the good bargain. The cards are so beautiful they would like to buy two or three more packs.

Maurice Echols
Illinois



Last year I got a sleeping bag. It was really worth it. This year I'm getting a watch.

Glenn Taylor
Maryland



Instamatic Camera



Camping Belt



Football & Basketball Set



Drag Race Set



Microscope Sets



Polaroid Color Pack Camera



Bikes



Engine Powered Mustang



Tape Recorder



Walkie-Talkies



Wrist Watches



Student Typewriter



Sleeping Bag



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Pool Table Set



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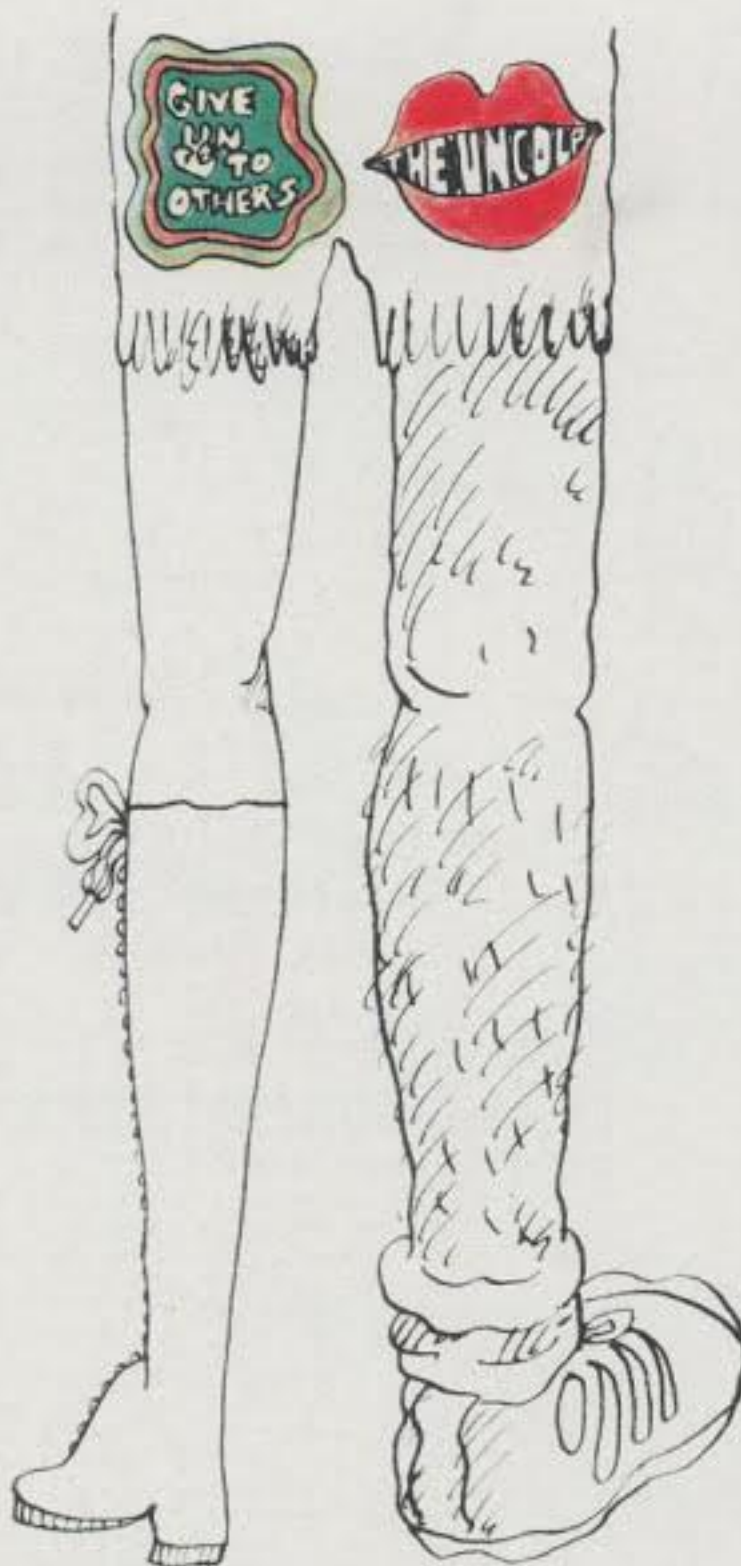
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